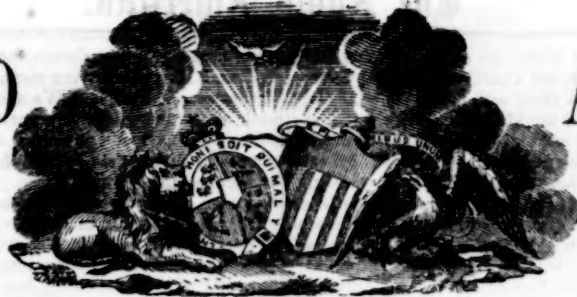


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E. L. GARVIN & Co.

PUBLISHERS



FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

OFFICE } 4 Barclay-St.
Astor Building

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1846.

VOL. 7. No. 23.

THE GRAVES OF THE SEA.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

["The neighbouring inhabitants show some rocks, visible only at low tides, which they say are the remains of an island that was formerly the burial-place of the ancient proprietor of Ballyheigh."—*Dr. Smith's History of Kerry.*]

I.
If you wander alone on some bright afternoon,
When the waves and the wind ever make their sad tune;
Be sure you may see 'neath the clear shining wave
The tombs that their sons to our forefathers gave!
Oh! oft as I've rovd' by that storm-beaten shore,
I've seen through the wave the rude dwellings of yore,
And thought, with a sigh, that our sires were as free
As the waves that roll over the graves of the sea.

II.
And better by far than a tomb on the shore
Are the sea-beaten graves of the heroes of yore;
For their souls could not rest under Erin's green plains,
While the hand of the Saxon their sons held in chains;
Then we swear by the rocks 'neath the bright flowing waves,
That point to the spot of our forefathers' graves,
We will ne'er cease to struggle, nor strive to be free,
Till we sleep with our sires in the graves of the sea!

THE DEATH OF THE BRIDE.

BY J. W. GRILLS.

Heard'st thou the banshee singing
Her heavenly strain—so wild,—
Through the moonlit forest ringing!—
'Twas the dirge of a sinless child!—
Whose vows to her lover were plighted,
Though her childhood has scarce pass'd away;
But the flower in its budding was blighted
Ere its glory had op'd to the day!
She is blest!—but a true heart is breaking,
And fain would be laid by her side;
'Twere a joy to be never forsaking
In death his once beautiful bride!—
On his soul is a gloom never ending,
As dark as the Bosphorus' wave,
Save that sanctified moment when tending
The rose that grows over her grave!

THE SLAVERS OF THE QUORRA;

AN AFTER-DINNER REMINISCENCE OF THE AFRICAN COAST.

Narrated by Captain S—, R.N., to William H. G. Kingston.

"Call the boats' crews away, Mister S—." This order, given in the clear tones of our Commander's voice, roused me from a reverie into which one morning I had fallen, when, being officer of the watch, I paced the deck of His Britannic Majesty's brig Falcon, lying at anchor off the mouth of the Nun River, one of the embouchures of the far-famed Quorra or Niger. The hot sun rolled his course majestically through the deep blue sky, on which not a cloud floated to dim the lustre of his burning splendour, not a breath of air disturbed the glass-like surface of the ocean, whose slow heaving swells, making the vessel roll from side to side, alone gave signs of its sleeping power, while anxiously we waited for the sea-breeze to set in to drive back the suffocating odour which, even to the distance we were from the land, came off from the scorched earth. Over the low swampy shore there hung also a wide extending mist, blue and gauze-like, yet sufficiently thick to render indistinct any objects within its influence. Now and then, also, to remind us of our change of clime, a flying-fish would rise from its liquid home, and taking a short spurt through the more subtle air, his scales like jewels glittering in the sunbeams, would fall again with a gentle splash into the calm sea. Or, as I looked over the side, I could see the long snout and dark back of one huge shark swimming round the ship, ready to pick up any offal thrown overboard, or perhaps a stray midshipman, or other small boy, who might chance to fall into the water; and as the cook emptied his bucket from the galley I observed several of the monsters make a rush altogether at its contents, showing, as they turned up their white stomachs, their huge maws and triple rows of teeth. I had been thinking just before how much I should like to take a plunge into the blue crystal sea, to cool my heated skin, not yet acclimated to the torrid sun of Africa; but this sight banished any such wish. I could not help fancying how lustily they would have tugged at my arms and legs had they found me among them. I shuddered at the very idea, and prayed Heaven such might never be my lot.

My next thought was of a pleasant stroll among the tempting groves I saw through my glass, looking so cool and shady; but I soon recollected the stories I had heard of the deadliness of the black fever, and the treachery of the black men, and I as quickly abandoned all wish to go there for the pleasure of the thing.

We had anchored off the river the previous night, in consequence of information we received from an English vessel we had fallen in with two days before. She was a schooner, bound for Liverpool, with palm-oil and ivory, and had, I remember, lost half her people by fever. Her skipper told us that when off the Brass he had seen a strange sail, bound, he believed, up the river, and which, from her appearance, he had little doubt was a slaver.

As yet the African fever had not paid us his unwelcome visit, and we began to flatter ourselves that we were to be altogether exempt from the plague which spares so few. We had, however, been only a short time on the coast, so that we had little experience of what we were to go through. On our way out we had touched at few places, calling at Sierra Leone to ship some Kroomen, with which class of men every vessel on the coast is supplied, to do the hard work, such as watering the ship and cutting fire-wood; as that sort of labour would soon destroy Europeans unaccustomed to the climate. These blacks are indeed a most useful set of fellows, either as axemen, boatmen, or sailors. In appearance they are far superior to any other race of negroes I have met with; they are generally tall and well proportioned, their limbs are muscular, and their gait erect and firm. It is said, and from what I have seen I believe it, that their spirit is of so unyielding a nature that they are never taken as slaves, as they would either destroy themselves or those who attempted to master them. To see the native majesty of their step, they look as if they were born ever to be free. There is a nobility itself in their whole bearing. In truth they are, as we used to call them, *highly-polished black gentlemen*.

The Falcon was, as you may remember, one of the old 10 gun brigs,—a class of vessels pretty well expended by this time,—or, I may say, which have expended themselves by a variety of expedients, such as foundering with all hands on board, capsizing, and driving on lee-shores, to the no small inconvenience of their crews, and the very great advantage of the rising generation of Benbows. She was not a particularly bad vessel of her class, but she had not the speed necessary to chase the fast-sailing schooners generally employed in the slave-trade, and also, being very crank, she could not carry her canvas when it was blowing fresh. Her other little imperfections I need not mention.

I was then the senior Mate on board her, and took charge of a watch. The First Lieutenant was at this time in his berth below, suffering from an accident, and the Second, Brownlow, a very nice fellow, was doing his duty. Both have since gone the way of all flesh, cut off in the flower of their youth by that accursed climate. Indeed, I doubt if there are ten men alive who were with me at that time on the coast.

But I have got a long way out of my course. I was going to give an account of our expedition up the Quorra. It may be as well to prelude it with a description of the geography of the place. The coast here trends east and west, forming the northern shore of the Bight of Biafra, which I will mark with this line of crumbs. This bit of biscuit is the Falcon, anchored off the mouth of the Nun River, the westernmost embouchure of the Quorra, which, for once in a way, shall be a stream of wine. About twenty-two miles east of the Nun is the Brass River; both of them having sand-bars across their channels: the last, as I have good reason to know, boasting of three, over which the sea at times breaks with terrific violence.

After separating from their parent stream, the mysterious and mighty Quorra, they each run a course of about sixteen miles to the sea, thus forming a low swampy island, covered with mangroves—a nice place, as you may suppose, for the generation of fevers and such like pleasantnesses. Oh, I forgot!—these small crumbs must mark the bars on the Brass River, about three miles apart, and three in number, remember; and there you have it all mapped down clearly before you.

I had been thinking of some of the things I have just mentioned, and of many others. I doubt not, when, as I said, the words "Call the boats' crews away" aroused me from my reverie. I was all alive in a moment, and repeating the order; the Boatswain's shrill whistle sounded along the decks, summoning the watch below. The next instant the people were seen tumbling up on deck; the tackles were hooked on to the yard, the boom boats were hoisted out, the gripes cast loose, and a gig and canoe, which hung on our quarters, were lowered in the water; spars, sails, oars, arms, ammunition, and provisions were handed in, cutlasses were buckled on, and we were ready to start. Brownlow, in the pinnace, commanded the expedition; I was in the cutter; Fenton, another Mate, had the gig, and to our fleet was attached the canoe, manned by Kroomen, which was to act the part of a light squadron in reconnoitering. Our orders were to proceed up the river Nun into the Quorra, to look into every creek and bight in our way, and should we not be fortunate enough to fall in with a slaver, to return to the ship on the following day, so as not to be exposed more than one night to the noxious air of the river.

At about 10 A.M., we shoved off from the ship's side, with a hearty cheer to speed us on our way from the shipmates we left behind. We were all in high spirits at having something more to do than the daily routine of duty afforded us; nor were our hopes small of making a prize during the trip. Even the heat, which added many a shade to our already well-browned physiognomies, served to boil up our ardour without making it evaporate; so that we were up to anything which might come in our way.

As we neared the entrance of the river, a line of white breakers appeared directly across our course, towards the roughest part of which the canoe, which was leading, with a black pilot on board, paddled along, and, much to our surprise, went right over it without shipping a drop of water; while we, who, after waiting some time, selected the bluest water, were half-drowned by the sea breaking over us. The flood, however, soon made, and we had a fair tide to carry us along. After a long pull we entered the Quorra, which is here rather more than a mile wide, though higher up it is considerably broader: the country on each side appearing to consist of extensive swamps, covered with mangrove, cabbage and palm-trees. Out of the moist ground arise those noxious exhalations, which, near, look like the smoke of damp fire-wood, and which caused that blue haze which we had seen at a distance in the morning. Oh, how hot it was! We could have cooked a beefsteak in the stern sheets as quickly as by a kitchen fire; so you may suppose that we ourselves were frying pretty rapidly: we should have been nice morsels for any cannibals who were choice in their food.

On we pulled, notwithstanding, shoving our noses into every nook and creek we could find, but, except our own little fleet, not a bark was there to be seen floating on the dark leaden waters. Scarcely a thing with life appeared, except now and then, when near the shore, an alligator would poke his long snout above the water, as if to ask the white man what he wanted, that he ventured into his dominions; but receiving no answer, would as quickly again disappear beneath the slimy tide, thinking us not worthy of further notice. Although we distinguished not the voice of man nor of beast, it could not be said that silence reigned over those regions; for there was the rush of waters, the crackling of the leaves, the hum of innumerable insects, which flitted in every direction, even the hot air itself seemed to utter sounds, but all so composed and harmonized, that they appeared but one deep solemn *burr-ush*, which we called the *noise of heat*. I do not think any words can describe it; it must be felt to be understood.

After pulling steadily onward for about four or five hours, enjoying during the latter part of the time a sea-breeze, which, somewhat cooling the air, gave us an appetite for dinner, we brought to near a clear space of ground, where we lighted our fires, for which there was an abundance of wood in every direction—dry enough in all conscience—and set to work to cook our food. Eating may not be a very romantic occupation, and that is the reason authors make knights and ladies fair, in their stories, get on very well without it; but to my mind it is always in reality the most amusing part of an expedition. While we were boiling our pork and yams, and frying some fish we had caught in the morning, with a few oysters which we had picked off the mangrove-trees at low water, on our way up, some black fellows came down to see what we were about. You are smiling at my talking of picking the oysters off the trees, but I did not say they grew there. Oysters, you know, must cling to something, so finding the boughs of the mangroves hanging in the water, they get hold of them, and probably catch more food than they would at the bottom of the sea, though of course they can't be expected to know that they ought to let go again when the tide falls.

These black gentlemen were, I doubt not from their costume, characters of great importance—if not Kings in *propria persona*. One wore a broad brimmed Spanish hat, a regular sombrero, with an ostrich feather stuck in it, a marine's red coat, a pair of Wellington boots, and a sort of petticoat, or rather kilt, coming down to the knee, of green baize. Another was habited in a pair of red slippers, a soldier's cap, and an old naval cloak, which he carried with the air that a Roman senator on the stage wears his toga, or Pollione, for instance, in Norma, his robe. A third was dressed in a woman's pink silk bonnet, hind part before, which set off his black physiognomy to great advantage; a pair of tight net drawers, and one top boot—how procured I cannot tell—but not a rap of anything else, though he seemed as proud of his finery as his companions were of their more complete costume. Of the rest, some had similar incongruous habiliments, and others rejoiced in a state of primitive nature. As this extraordinary group drew near, we received them with shouts of merriment, which they seemed to take rather as a compliment than otherwise, their chief observing, as he strutted about with the self-satisfied air of a peacock, "Me very fine massa, — your eyes." They were a disgusting set, covered over with loathsome sores, arising from the pestilential air they breathe, and the unwholesome food, such as alligators and cat-fish, on which they exist. They either would not, or could not speak English, nor could we elicit any information from them as to whether there were any slavers in the river; so we were not sorry, after enduring this society for nearly an hour, to get rid of them, by hinting that their room would be more agreeable than their company, and giving them a bottle of rum, which was what they came for.

We then returned to the boats, where, for an hour or so more, we remained to rest the people, who were much overcome with the heat and fatigue, sheltered from the sun by some lofty cotton-trees, whose boughs overhung the water. To make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow, we brought the after-parts of the boats together, where we officers lighted our weeds, and leaning back in the stern-sheets, talked of past events and adventures in store for us, with that half-dreaming tone which lassitude produces. It was very pleasant, though, watching the blue smoke of our cigars, mingling in curling wreaths with the glittering air, as it escaped beyond the shadow of the trees, the calm water gliding by, observing the strange shrubs and plants which surrounded us, and listening to the suppressed jokes of the seamen, as they lay on their oars, not forgetting the chattering of a million parroquets, which all on a sudden commenced such a noise as I never heard before; it bursts forth like a mill suddenly set going, or like certain deliberative assemblies where there are all talkers and no listeners. The birds seemed to have a prodigious deal to say, and to be in a great hurry to say it. It was most laughable to listen to them. While we were thus passing the time, or rather killing it, we heard a low, floundering, flapping noise in the water, and looking out, in order to discover whence it proceeded, we saw, not thirty yards from us, the long snout of a huge alligator protruding above the stream. Slowly he lifted his vast form from the water, and began to climb up the bank, attracted doubtless by the smell of the fragments of food we had left on the shore. A low *hush* from the Kroomen warned us to be silent, and presently we saw two of them spring from the canoe, with long spears in their hands, when with noiseless steps they approached the awkwardly-moving monster. When he had waddled a considerable way up the bank, they advanced rapidly towards him, and being no longer afraid of his retreating, one of them leapt before his jaws, to attract his attention, while the other, springing behind him, ran his long spear right through his tail, and pinned him to the ground as an entomologist does a cockchafer or beetle.

Now began the tug of war. Round and round spun the astonished alligator, with the spear as the pivot of his girations, Nap, the Krooman, holding on like fury, making the most horrible grimaces, and screaming in his agitation lest the beast should break away from him. In the mean time the other black was attacking the vast reptile in front, now poking his long spear into one eye, now into the other, as he could take aim, now thrusting it down his throat, then wounding him in the neck. Sometimes I thought the alligator would have broken loose, when the Krooman would have run no inconsiderable chance of slipping down his jaws; but the spear was tough, and Nap held fast till at last a home-thrust pierced the brain of the beast, and he sunk down in the agony of death. A loud shout from all parties acknowledged the gallantry of the victors, who immediately set about cutting some delicate *morceaux* from the carcass, for their own especial eating, none of the whites feeling an inclination to join them in their repast. One does not like to feed on a beast, which, for what one knows to the contrary, may have the day before been dining off a little black child.

Soon after the combat we again got under weigh, and continued our explorations up the river, but with the same want of success as at first. Now and then as we proceeded, we caught sight of a canoe, which was sure to give us a long chase before we could come up with it, and then the black crew were certain to

know nothing of any slavers, perhaps to be scarcely aware that such a traffic existed. It was wearying work, but we persevered till darkness rendered any further search useless. We accordingly brought up for the night on the west bank of the river, near the driest spot of ground we could find, and after taking our supper, we made ourselves as comfortable as we could in the boats, in the same way that we had done in the afternoon, all of us having been cautioned on no account to sleep on shore. In the meantime, Brownlow dispatched the Kroomen, who were still fresh, to reconnoitre further up the river, where there was some probability of the slaver we were in search of lying concealed. For an hour or two we remained wrapped up in our cloaks, endeavouring to keep out the air, which felt something like a blanket wetted by hot water; some of the party at times smoking, but none of us indulging in conversation. There was a thin crescent moon in the heavens, which threw a pale uncertain light over the scene, and as I lay half awake and half dozing, I fancied that I could see dark forms gliding over the face of the waters—the spirits, I thought, of those brave hearts which had sunk beneath the noxious influence of that baneful elime. On such occasions, and at such moments, the imagination often runs away with the sense, and it is now almost painful to recall the absurd fancies of my brain which I then thought realities.

Suddenly we were all aroused into action by the piercing, yet not loud whisper of the chief Krooman's voice. It sounded like a ringing yet deep hiss. His words were "Ship live there." His light canoe, which we had not seen till he spoke, now ranged up alongside Brownlow's boat, when he explained that he had seen a vessel some distance up in a light on the west bank, the same to which we were then made fast. Within thirty seconds we were pulling with silent voices and rapid strokes towards the point he indicated, a thickly wooded promontory intervening, which even in daylight would have shut out our view. An hour's pull brought us into the neighbourhood of the stranger; but nothing could be seen, except now and then a long dark canoe darting like a black snake in and out from among the bushes, which made us feel pretty sure that the crew of the stranger, if a slaver, had already information of our approach, and would be prepared for us. "He here—he here," said the Krooman, as we came up with the canoe, which had been previously piloting the way, and in another moment we rounded a point, when, through the obscurity, we could distinguish a low black vessel, her masts almost concealed by the thick foliage of the trees which surrounded her. With steady nervous strokes we pulled on towards her, all three boats abreast, with the canoe in the rear, though the Kroomen were as ready for a skirmish as the most fire-eating of the whites. Not a word was spoken, the regular splash of the oars, as they clove the water, alone breaking the silence which reigned over the tranquil stream. I breathed rather faster, as we advanced, and I believe even those most accustomed to the sort of work we were upon felt a certain awe creep over them as we neared the stranger. The thought of the last parting embrace of one dearly loved, of future bliss destroyed, of hopes become vain, would occasionally occur, yet it was not so much the dread of death as the uncertainty of whence danger might come which at that moment tried my feelings. Some plot was evidently prepared, and we concluded that they had probably a masked battery on shore, which would open on us as we got higher up the creek. Nothing moving, however, was to be seen on shore, nor could we observe any one showing their heads above the bulwarks on board. We made out clearly at last that the vessel was a schooner, moored so that her broadside bore directly down the creek, that her ports were open, her boarding nettings triced up, and that she seemed prepared to make a determined resistance. We were not, therefore, doomed to expend much more of our patience.

"At her, my boys," cried Brownlow; and giving three hearty cheers, which woke the dull silence of night, we dashed on altogether, expecting every moment to find a shower of shot flying about our heads, but not a gun was fired—a long low growl, and then a fierce bark, was the only answer.

"Carramba! maldicho perro—silencio," muttered a voice on board the vessel.

"Ho, ho!" I thought, "she is not deserted at all events."

The water flew from the bows of the boats—a few strokes more, and we were within pistol-shot of her, when, as if to make amends for their previous apathy, there opened such a shower of iron and lead on our heads that I thought not one of us could have escaped without having some of the missiles lodged in our bodies. Rather inspired than otherwise by this warm reception, we gave another hearty cheer, and our boat-hooks were in a moment made fast to their chains. We were not long, you may be sure, in scrambling up her sides, but, to our surprise, instead of a fierce tussle, as we expected, not another shot was fired, not a cutlass raised to defend her. Forcing our way through the boarding nettings, we jumped down on her decks, thoughtless of any treachery. In truth, it was more than probable that the Spaniards had laid a train of gunpowder to the magazine, and, having lighted it, had escaped to the shore, in the pious hope that we might all be blown into the air.

On such occasions one seldom stops to consider. It however happened, that as the first of our party leapt upon her decks, the last of the schooner's crew were seen tumbling down her hold, with the exception of three or four who were lying between the guns forward, in the last stage of a fever which had, we afterwards found, carried off their two mates and nearly half their complement of men. Their Captain being also down with the fever, they were left entirely without officers, owing to which circumstance it was that we had so cheap a victory.

I shall not forget in a hurry—ugh! the dreadful stench which exhaled from the hold as we looked down to see what had become of the gentlemen who had honoured us with a salute. Below were about eighty negroes, shipped that very day, now manacled and chained to the decks, among whom the crew were endeavouring to shelter themselves to avoid the vengeance they might well expect from our people at this wanton attempt to destroy us. They had doubtless expected to send us all to the bottom by one broadside, when they fancied we should give them no further trouble. We soon had them all upon deck again, when to prevent them from doing any further mischief, we put their hands into the bracelets they had prepared for the remainder of their living cargo. We then stowed them away again among their black captives, to the no small astonishment of the latter, who scarcely supposed that the same ornaments they wore would fit so admirably the hands of their late masters. While this operation was going forward, I took a lantern, and found my way into a round-house on the after-part of the deck, where I discovered the Captain of the schooner in his berth unable to move from sickness. He could speak a few words of English, which he employed to inform me that his people had fired without his orders, for that knowing we were such incarnate devils at fighting, it was hopeless attempting to resist us.

He vowed by the Virgin Mary, by all the saints in the calendar, and by his own patron saint in particular, that as soon as he heard the guns going off, he

had ordered his men to desist, and to save their lives as they best could, while he was ready to die with grief lest any of us should be hurt.

I had tolerably strong doubts that this account was very far from the truth, for I suspect, that had the broadside sunk us, he would have put a very different face on the matter.

As soon as we had secured the crew of the slaver, we set to work to get her under weigh. This took some time, for the sails were unbent and stowed away below, and the running rigging was unrove. All hands, however, worked with a will. We first were obliged to cut away the branches of the trees entangled in her rigging, and then we had to cast off her warps and to tow her out into the stream before we could bend the sails. When all things were put to rights, a watch was set, and the remainder of the people lay down to rest.

The next morning we towed her further out, where she could feel the little breeze that was then stirring, nor shall I forget quickly the pleasant feeling I experienced, when as daylight appeared, we got the canvass on the vessel, and she glided down towards the mouth of the river—OUR PRIZE.

She proved to be a fine one-topsail schooner, called the Cherubino, and by her build and the easy way she slipped through the water we judged her to be very fast. After breakfast the prisoners were allowed to come on deck, and it was curious to observe the downcast looks compared to the self-satisfied manner of our men at their success. At the top of high-water the wind increased considerably, setting nearly right up the Nun, so we stood over to the eastern shore of the Quorra, intending to try the Brass entrance.—[Remainder next week.]

CONTEMPORARY ORATORS.

If we rightly understand the theory of the representative system as embodied in our constitutional form of government, it is an important part of the duty of a member of the House of Commons to urge in the general assembly of the people the grievances of his constituents. Whatever may be the ostensible object for which he is elected. An ingenious and liberalising construction, however, of this obligation, has widely extended its efficacy. The member for a particular borough or county no longer sits in parliament as the exclusive agent or guardian of the constituency which sent him to the House of Commons, but, by a constitutional fiction, as the representative of all the constituencies in the kingdom. So, at least, our political philosophers have said; and so the good people of Great Britain and Ireland believe.

Of course a scheme of such wide-spread philanthropy and disinterestedness could scarcely be expected to exist in its full completeness and integrity anywhere but on paper; otherwise, a living flourishing Utopia would be found in these happy islands, and the perfectibility of man, at least as an animal capable of being governed, would well-nigh have been gained. Dreams like these serve well to turn a period, or terminate with a flourish an electioneering speech; but facts—those unrelenting rocks on which so many argosies of theory have been wrecked—forbid the hope that they ever will prevail in practice. Still we shall find, as now, class arrayed against class, and interest against interest, in the popular assembly of the nation; still see the county members fighting only for country objects, the town members struggling on behalf of the populations of the towns alone. As long as political feeling continues to exercise influence among us, as long as there are ranks and grades in society whose laws can never be made by a power at once despotic and impartial, so long shall we thus continue to amuse ourselves with our theory while stultifying ourselves with our practice.

But amidst this universal delusion, this emulation of political hypocrisies, this struggle of rampant interests, in which the poor British public would seem likely to be trampled on at least, if not utterly forgotten and neglected, it is a consolation to know that there are to be found some persons of that devoted generosity of spirit, that utter obliviousness of self, that appetite for martyrdom, men so comprehensive in their charities, and so persevering in their benevolence, that they will step forward voluntarily as the champions of the deserted and the distressed. It is cheering to see, that if the great majority of members of parliament by their conduct seek to prove that the constitutional fiction we have spoken of is a delusion, that, in fact, they represent their own personal interests, or those of the class to which they belong, to the exclusion of the people generally, there are men ready to come forward and take the whole weight of the responsibility upon their own shoulders, to become Tribunes of the people at the shortest notice—to become contractors as it were, for the redress of each and every grievance—nay, in the exuberance of their patriotism and public spirit, even to go farther, and create them where they do not exist, rather than let an ancient and honourable office fall into disuse. That such men should spring up by a spontaneous growth in a diseased condition of society—that they should multiply in inverse ratio to the necessity for their interference, and grow louder and more bold in their advocacy in proportion to the probability of its being rendered unnecessary,—these are, indeed, satisfactory evidences that the British constitution will never be allowed to grow rusty for want of its machinery being well tested; and that the good old custom, so cherished by John Bull, of grumbling and presenting grievances, will never be let to die away so long as any advantage is to be gained by keeping it alive.

Yet there are such paragons; there always have been, and there always will be. How honest soever a government may be, there will always be found men opposed to it so transcending it in purity, the crystalline transparency of whose motives shews to such advantage before the opaqueness of official apathy or corruption, that an admiring public shall look up to them with sympathy and approbation as true patriots and their best friends. You think, perhaps, that all this noble devotion to the service of their fellow-men cannot be quite disinterested, that they must have some object to gratify, some purse to fill, or some ambition to satisfy. But what do we see? That they are daily making sacrifices; that they, perhaps, have been educated to professions in which, by a course of honourable diligence, they might have attained respectability and wealth. Here you will see a doctor voluntarily giving up the chances of what he might earn as a "general practitioner," in the ordinary sense of the term, by applying a clear mind and active habits to his business, in order to become a "general practitioner" on the body politic, with no reward save what chance may turn up in the long run. There you will note a barrister, fresh from the sessions, and nobly giving up his hope of successful practice, or, at all events, his chance of a brief, that he may with more freedom hold a self-ordained advocacy for the people in the House of Commons; a sort of watching brief in the great cause,—“the Millions versus the Ministry.” At another turn you detect among the candidates for the patriot's gown, some scion of a noble house, some second hand Mirabeau, with a strong dash of the Adonis, and patriotism gracefully tempered by fashion; you will see him working day and night in this same holy cause of the people, advocating openly and in the full security of impossible fruition principles subversive of the order to which he belongs, flinging slanders and imputations on public servants as if they were so many cock-shies and he only engaged in holy-

day pastime; and when you see such a man, accustomed to mix with the first society of his day, the envy of the men and the admiration of the women,—when you find him so careless of what may come 'twixt the wind and his nobility as to be on shaking-hands terms with the Jack Cades of contemporary politics, while he outrages all his natural connexions by the violence and republicanism of his opinions,—shall you not say that he also is making sacrifices? that he is affixing the stamp of sincerity on his professions? True, if you find the “general practitioner” at last developing into a coroner; the briefless barrister discarding the ignoble stuff of his early gown for the more soft and honourable silk, with, perhaps, a commissionership hanging from one pocket, and the hint of a future solicitor-generalship in the other; and if you see the young sprig of aristocracy enjoying present immunities and privileges, while in the administrators of the day there seems to be a growing disposition to do something or other to silence a bold tongue, and divert to other service clever but inconvenient tactics, and, at the same time, “the best society” does not seem to look so very coldly on its quondam outcast demagogue, from an apparent suspicion that he cannot be in earnest;—if, we repeat, these appear to be almost necessary consequences, sooner or later, of the voluntary patriotism we have referred to, the awe and astonishment with which one looked up to so much public virtue becomes sobered down into a more rational and common-sense view of the case; we see the sacrifice, but we do not feel the same paralysing weight of obligation when we find it accompanied, in the long run, by a comforting and counterbalancing *quid pro quo*.

The House of Commons is at the present time peculiarly rich in the possession of patriots of this order. The successive crops of former years having gradually become absorbed in various administrations, room has been left for others to advance to the front ranks. It is found, too, that they are not confined, as was the case formerly, to the class of politicians called Radicals, but that thinkers who, if they had lived twenty years ago, would have been shocked at the idea of setting traps for popular excitement, now think it not beneath them to enter into occasional rivalry with the regular demagogue. Thus a Roebuck meets a parallel, for good, wholesome, jaundiced patriotism, in a Bickham Esq.; and a Disraeli finds it good policy to attack from the rear institutions which a more open antagonist faces boldly in front. But, above all, the British public have among their champions a Duncombe and a Wakley; and to the first of these we will for the present confine our observations.

MR. T. S. DUNCOMBE

is the most gentlemanlike demagogue of whom we have any recollection. Of course we speak of the exterior man alone, not desiring to go the length of assuming that other men, of perhaps more ardent patriotism, but of manners more rough, may not possess quite as many of the real qualities of the gentleman, those which are independent of conventional customs, habits, and dress. In those externals, however, let their worth be what they may. Mr. Duncombe is certainly distinguished from the members generally of the House of Commons, so much so, that a stranger entering the assembly would naturally observe the singular elegance and finish of his attire as distinguishing him even in a place where well-dressed men are rather the rule than the exception. We have been almost tempted to think, too, that in proportion as his Tribunitian displays grow more bold, and his principles more democratic, he has become more and more anxious to preserve his old character as one of the most fashionable men about town,—thus, as it were, drawing the personal distinction more and more strongly, the more he approximated towards the principles of the working classes. Strange as it may seem, the most able parliamentary advocate of the “great unwashed” is himself a perfect model of every thing that is *recherche* in dress, manners, and carriage,—nay, he has even been called the “Dandy Demagogue.” One thing, at least, is certain, that he is, to look at, almost the very last man from whom you would expect such powerful, nervous, and humorous speeches as he has made during the last few years, or the bold and clever tactics, followed out under every disadvantage, and against overwhelming odds, with which he has puzzled and sometimes discomfited the most distinguished masters in the petty strategies of party politics.

It is well that we should get over our surprise at this contrast between the man and his doings, because we shall then be better able impartially to estimate the value of those doings, and to examine the machinery by which he has obtained his unquestionable influence in the debates of the House of Commons, besides exciting a certain degree of interest in the public mind on behalf of whatever subjects he may choose to bring before parliament; otherwise we should be continually puzzled with practical contradictions. Not in his careful attention to dress alone does he so differ from his colleagues in Radicalism; the contrast extends to his physical and mental organisation, his whole bearing and demeanour. There is not one of them, however honest may be his intentions, or respectable his conduct, who does not prepossess a casual observer unfavourably rather than favourably. They have all some physical defect to overcome, or some want of mental training, or some jaundiced, distorted view of things, grating on the feelings of a lazy public, and creating a predisposition not to attend to their representations. A Wakley is considered too palpably to embody in his person and style of speaking some of the more commonly received ideas of the demagogue. With all his shrewdness, clear-sightedness, and information, he still has a stout array of prejudices to overcome, before he can make his way to the feelings of a fastidious audience. A Roebuck, on the other hand, with fewer natural disadvantages, more authorised pretensions, and more regular training, wilfully deprives himself of these privileges, by indulging in distorted views of existing things, and in a habit of spiteful but pointless personality, which renders him at once annoying and ridiculous. The mind of a Hume, though well constituted, is too contracted for an assembly which, with all its short-comings, is so enlightened; and his defective address destroys what little influence his steadfastness of character and consistency of purpose have acquired for him. And so in like manner is it with most of the leading members of the extreme Liberal section. They all seem to have been forced by some accident, not harmonising with their previous career, into the position they hold, without having had that power of adaptation so singularly displayed by Mr. Cobden and some others, by which a stranger to the forms and customs of the House becomes at once amalgamated in feeling with those whom we find there, as if he had been all his life accustomed to these new duties. But Mr. Duncombe has every natural advantage in his favour. Whatever disapprobation he may at times excite by the license he occasionally gives himself when making his personal attacks, it is a difficult thing for him to destroy the prestige at first created on his behalf. Tall and very well proportioned, there is a striking air of elegance in his whole figure, which is rendered still more pleasing by the absence of all affectation; which is, in fact, precluded by a peculiarly frank and manly deportment, and a captivating openness of manner almost amounting to familiarity. A handsome face, singularly expressive of the humorous, a remarkably intelligent eye, and a voice at once sonorous and harmonious, complete the attractions of this fortunate and favoured candidate for popularity.

Still it was some time before Mr. Duncombe was able to take his present prominent position in the House of Commons. Apparently, it was some time ere he could make up his mind to take the decisive plunge into Chartism. His early efforts in parliament, not only in the unreformed house, but also for some time after passing of the Reform-bill, were of a much more mild and less ambitious nature. His antecedents had not been favourable to parliamentary success. The day of the men of pleasure was passing away, the House of Commons was beginning to grow ashamed even of the memory of a race of statesmen who left the gaming-table or the bacchanalian orgies for the discharge of their senatorial duties. The time was near at hand when the practical men were to be in the ascendant. As Mr. Duncombe had a wide-spread reputation as a man of pleasure, with a strong dash of the fashionable *roué*, it is needless to say that in this state of things some very desperate stroke of policy was necessary in order to give him a chance of rising to distinction. It will always appear uncharitable to doubt the sincerity of any man's avowal of opinion; nor, indeed, except by way of guess or inference, has one any right to do so. It is in that spirit alone that we are tempted to express a doubt whether Mr. Duncombe, in his own secret mind, is prepared to go the length of his declarations in the House of Commons, or that he really entertains those ultra-democratic opinions which he professes, but which meet with such a practical contradiction in every particular of his idiosyncrasy.

There have not been wanting, in the history of revolutionary movements, or of popular assemblies, instances of young aristocrats who, from some cause, either in their own misconduct or the misfortune of their family, have lost the prospect of legitimate distinction in their own sphere, suddenly being struck with a passion for reforming the world, and putting themselves forward as the leaders of the populace, thus supplying a dangerous amount of mental ingenuity and energy to what would otherwise be an inert physical mass. Such, modified by circumstances, is the explanation we have heard given of Mr. Duncombe's intensity of Radicalism; and for ourselves, we must say, confessing as we do to a lurking liking for him, which nothing will ever conquer in our mind, that the more we see and hear him, the more we study his conduct and sift his motives, the more the conviction is forced upon us that this earnest advocate of the wrongs of the people is only playing at politics for the advancement of private objects and purposes, a keen foresight having long since told him that the millions by whose labour the whole fabric of society is maintained, increasing as they are in intelligence and information, at least, if they are not in wisdom, will not much longer be satisfied with an exclusion from political power, not justified by the theory of the constitution. The honourable member for Finsbury feels that he is perfectly safe in agitating for such a cause; and that there is every chance, in the long run, of his obtaining some of those honourable rewards which are always within the grasp of those who play the winning game in politics.

The easy adoption of the principles which seem most likely to tell, explains much of Mr. Duncombe's mode of proceeding in parliament, which might otherwise seem unintelligible. It also explains the apparent contradiction between his education, appearance, and social connexions, and his political associations. The truth is that politics always appear, in Mr. Duncombe's mode of handling them, as if they were capital pastime—a provision by which well educated men with nothing to do may at one and the same time drive away *ennui* and satisfy their own ambition. He never succeeds in convincing you that he is in earnest, though he strives very hard, indeed, to do so, and will use very strong language in order the more surely to satisfy you of his sincerity. It is his political profession to find out grievances and to represent them to the House of Commons. In this pursuit he displays a most praiseworthy alacrity.

Were his motives above suspicion, England might well be proud of a patriot possessed of so much virtue and public spirit. There are, however, a few peculiarities in his manner of proceeding which occasionally suggest suspicion. For instance, Mr. Duncombe seldom or never urges a grievance for its own sake. Obscure cases of oppression he leaves to obscure advocates. Those in which he most delights are cases in which some great public principle is involved, some hereditary legacy of former demagogues, and upon which there is an easy appeal to the constitutional prejudices of the British people. Mr. Duncombe is careful to be always on the popular, and, therefore, for him the winning side. He never throws away his patriotism, or wastes it on objects either underserving or unfruitful. In whatever he does he has an eye to the electors of Finsbury, looking upon them as a sort of barometer of public opinion. If he can please them he feels confident that he will also stand well in the opinion of the public at large.

It is in the last degree amusing to witness one of his attacks on a government; for, be it known, it is one of the first principles of such a politician, always to have some bone of contention with the ministry of the day. Mr. Duncombe apparently proceeds upon the convenient assumption that there is something radically wrong or corrupt in every administration, that it is only a matter of accident which iniquity is laid bare first, or how long they may be able to conceal their misdeeds from the jealous guardian of the public interest. Another invariable rule is, to assume that every government official is prevaricating and mystifying, having no object whatever but to withhold as much information as possible from the public. This gives scope for much stereotyped abuse. It is observable, also, that Mr. Duncombe's patriotism is particularly active at the commencement and close of every session, just at those periods when, in the first case, public men are more the object of general attention, and in the last, when they may have to come in contact with their constituents. Should there be symptoms of a dissolution of parliament, then his patriotism absolutely knows no bounds—there is no restraining the ardour with which at that time he is determined to serve his fellow-countrymen. A ministry, however strong it may seem, should begin to suspect the decay of popularity if they find Mr. Duncombe attacking them; the decay, they may depend upon it, has commenced, even though they may not themselves be aware of it. Or, if there be one member of a ministry weaker than another, he will soon be reminded of his deficiency by an attack from Mr. Duncombe. Ordinarily, however, one or two displays serve the honourable member for stock in trade of a whole session. A bad case under the Poor-law, or (still more fortunate!) a letter-opening case, with an unpopular home-secretary to badger night after night, these are of incalculable value.

There can be no doubt that, in a moral point of view, all this theatrical patriotism stands very low indeed; that all thinking men repudiate a plan of tactics which makes politics a mere pastime, is not a trade, and prostitutes to the purposes of a temporary ambition or personal convenience some of the noblest privileges enjoyed by the citizens of a free country. It is true also that only the foolish people out of doors are taken in by it, and of them not even the whole; while the wise ones look on some amused, others irritated, at such a perversion of the functions of the legislator. The secret of his influence seems to be the imperturbable good humour with which he conducts a case, the ease and non-

chalance with which he will deliver the most violent diatribes, the cool assurance with which he will advance to the attack, and work up what shall seem to be a most overwhelming case out of very slender materials. There is always a waggish glance of the eye, and a smile lurking about the lip, which seem to say, "Of course, you know that this is all acting; but I am not talking to you, except to show my own smartness. I am taking in the people out-of-doors, who, when they read the report to-morrow, will believe all these charges as so much gospel." And, strange to say, it is this levity which makes the House endure with complacency what would otherwise be sometimes extremely offensive; for, in the course of these claptrap speeches, Mr. Duncombe will often go great lengths, will make charges and use language scarcely permissible in any society of honourable men, but will urge them with so provoking an impudence, such a half-jocular semblance of earnestness and indignation, that an indefinite sense of amusement will take the place of what would otherwise be sometimes very like disgust. One or two hardy speakers, confident in their own powers, and, above all, in their own innocence, have at times essayed to unmask his assumed public virtue, have met the honourable member in his own vein, treating the whole affair as a got-up exhibition for electioneering purposes. But they found they had a dangerous customer to deal with—that Mr. Duncombe would only be jocular when it suited himself; and they have been suddenly astonished to find themselves put out of court by a well-feigned semblance of indignation that the wrongs of the people should be treated with such disrespect,—and this, too, from the man whose whole public life has been a practical mockery of the functions of a representative!

Mr. Duncombe deserves the credit of displaying great ability as a speaker. As a mere debater, he is one of the best in the House. There are few speakers who can so soon, and so thoroughly, grasp the points of a case, or who have so happy a mode of so putting them as to make their full force and effect apparent. He is also extremely powerful in reply, another evidence of great ability as a debater. He has a most agreeable delivery, free, graceful, and unaffected, except when acting a part, and, altogether, a most winning manner as a speaker. He has also great powers of humour, especially in a bantering style, which is very annoying to officials, who fret and smart under innuendoes and aspersions which they are precluded from directly noticing. He seldom says any decidedly witty thing which will bear quotation, but by odd contrasts and groupings of ideas, and a way he has of hammering incessantly at the ridiculous side of any question, he contrives usually to keep the House in a state of continual risibility while he is on his legs.

From these remarks it will be seen that we are no great believers in the sincerity of Mr. Duncombe's devotion to the public good. We are disposed to compliment him on his talents at the expense of his integrity. Still, such men are not without their use in the political world. Whatever may be their motives in ferreting out abuses, they sometimes do good by exposing them, and public men are held in restraint by the fear of having their misdeeds paraded. These grievance-mongers are like the licensed jesters. For the few good things which they sometimes say or do they are tolerated in many errors and offences.

MY COLLEGE FRIENDS.

CHARLES RUSSELL, THE GENTLEMAN-COMMONER.

CHAPTER II.

It was the last night of the boat races. All Oxford, town and gown, was on the move between Illey and Christchurch meadow. The reading man had left his ethics only half understood, the rowing man his bottle more than half finished, to enjoy as beautiful a summer evening as ever gladdened the banks of Isis. One continued heterogeneous living stream was pouring on from St "Ole's" to King's barge, and thence across the river in punts, down to the starting-place by the lasher. One moment your tailor puffed a cigar in your face, and the next, just as you made some critical remark to your companion on the pretty girl you just passed, and turned round to catch a second glimpse of her, you trod on the toes of your college tutor. The contest that evening was of more than ordinary interest. The new Oriel boat, a London-built clipper, an innovation in those days, had bumped its other competitor easily in the previous race, and only Christchurch now stood between her and the head of the river. And would they, could they, bump Christchurch to-night? That was the question to which, for the time being, the coming examination, and the coming St. Leger, both gave way. Christchurch, that had not been bumped for ten years before—whose old blue and white flag stuck at the top of the mast as if it had been nailed there—whose motto on the river had so long been "Nulli secundus!" It was an important question, and the Christchurch men evidently thought so. Steersman and pullers had been summoned up from the country, as soon as that impertinent new boat had begun to show symptoms of being a dangerous antagonist, by the rapid progress she was making from the bottom towards the head of the racing-boats. The old heroes of bygone contests were enlisted again, like the Roman legionaries, to fight the battles of their "vexillum," the little three-cornered bit of blue and white silk before mentioned; and the whole betting society of Oxford were divided into two great parties, the Oriel and the Christchurch, the supporters of the old, or of the new dynasty of eight oars.

Never was signal more impatiently waited for than the pistol-shot which was to set the boats in motion that night. Hark! "Gentlemen, are you—ready?" "No, No!" shouts some umpire, dissatisfied with the position of his own boat at the moment. "Gentlemen, are you ready?" Again "No, no, no!" How provoking! Christchurch and Oriel both beautifully placed, and that provoking Exeter, or Worcester, or some boat that no one but its own crew takes the slightest interest in to-night, right across the river! And it will be getting dusk soon. Once more—and even Wyatt, the starter, is getting impatient—"Are you ready?" Still a cry of "No, no," from some crew who evidently never will be satisfied. But there goes the pistol. They're off, by all that's glorious! "Now Oriel!" "Now Christchurch!" Hurrah! beautifully are both boats pulled—how they lash along the water! Oriel gains evidently! But they have not got into their speed yet, and the light boat has the best of it at starting. "Hurrah, Oriel, its all your own way!" "Now, Christchurch, away with her!" Scarcely is an eye turned on the boats behind; and, indeed, the two first are going fast away from them. They reach the Gut, and at the turn Oriel presses her rival hard. The cheers are deafening; bets are three to one. She must bump her! "Now, Christchurch, go to work in the straight water!" Never did a crew pull so well, and never at such a disadvantage. Their boat is a tub compared with the Oriel. See how she buries her bow at every stroke. Hurrah, Christchurch! The old boat for ever! Those last three strokes gained a yard on Oriel! She holds her own still! Away they go, those old staidly practised oars, with that long slashing stroke, and the strength and pluck begins to tell. Well pulled, Oriel! Not an oar out of time, but as true to-

gether as a set of teeth ! But it won't do ! Still Christchurch, by sheer dint of muscle, keeps her distance, and the old flag floats triumphant another year.

Nearly hustled to death in the rush up with the racing boats, I panted into the stern sheets of a four-oar lying under the bank, in which I saw Leicester and some others of my acquaintance. "Well, Horace," said I, "What do you think of Christchurch now?" (I had sufficient Tory principle about me at all times to be a zealous supporter of the "old cause," even in the matter of boat-racing.) "How are your bets upon the London clipper, eh?" "Lost, by Jove," said he; "but Oriol ought to have done it to night; why, they bumped all the other boats easily, and Christchurch was not so much better; but it was the old oars coming up from the country that did it. But what on earth is all that rush about up by the barges? They surely are not going to fight it out after all?"

Something had evidently occurred which was causing great confusion; the cheering a moment before had been deafening from the partisans of Christchurch, as the victorious crew, pale and exhausted with the prodigious efforts they have made, mustered their last strength to throw their oars aloft in triumph, and then slowly, one by one, ascended into the house-boat which formed their floating dressing-room; it had now suddenly ceased, and confused shouts and murmurs, rather of alarm than of triumph, were heard instead: men were running to and fro on both banks of the river, but the crowd both in the boats on the river and on shore made it impossible for us to see what was going on. We scrambled up the bank, and were making for the scene of action, when one of the river-officials ran hastily by in the direction of Illey.

"What's the matter, Jack?"

"Punt gone down, sir," he replied without stopping; "going for the drags."

"Anybody drowning?" we shouted after him.

"Don't know how many was in her, sir," sung out Jack in the distance. We ran on. The confusion was terrible; every one was anxious to be of use, and more likely therefore to increase the danger. The punt which had sunk had been, as usual on such occasions, overloaded with men, some of whom had soon made good their footing on the neighbouring barges; others were still clinging to their sides, or by their endeavours to raise themselves into some of the light wherries and four oars, which, with more zeal than prudence, were crowding to their assistance, were evidently bringing a new risk upon themselves and their rescuers. Two of the last of the racing eights, too, coming up to the winning-post at the moment of the accident, and endeavouring vainly to back water in time, had run into each other, and lay helplessly across the channel, adding to the confusion, and preventing the approach of more efficient aid to the parties in the water. For some minutes it seemed that the disaster must infallibly extend itself. One boat, whose crew had incautiously crowded too much to one side in their eagerness to aid one of the sufferers in his struggles to get on board, had already been upset, though fortunately not in the deepest water, so that the men, with a little assistance, easily got on shore. Hundreds were vociferating orders and advice, which few could hear, and none attended to. The most effectual aid that had been rendered was the launching of two large planks from the University barge, with ropes attached to them which several of those who had been immersed succeeded in reaching, and so were towed safely ashore. Still, however, several were seen struggling in the water, two or three with evidently relaxing efforts; and the unfortunate punt, which had righted and come up again, though full of water, had two of her late passengers clinging to her gunwale, and thus barely keeping their heads above the water's edge. The watermen had done their utmost to be of service, but the University men crowded so rashly into every punt that put off to the aid of their companions, that their efforts would have been comparatively abortive, had not one of the pro-rectors jumped into one, with two steady hands, and authoritatively ordering every man back who attempted to accompany him, reached the middle of the river, and having rescued those who were in most imminent danger, succeeded in clearing a sufficient space round the spot to enable the drags to be used, (for it was quite uncertain whether there might not still be some individuals missing.) Loud cheers from each bank followed this very seasonable exercise of authority; another boat, by this example, was enabled to disencumber herself of superfluous hands, and by their united exertions all who could be seen in the water were soon picked up and placed in safety. When the excitement had in some degree subsided, there followed a suspense which was even more painful, as the drags were slowly moved again and again across the spot where the accident had taken place. Happily our alarm proved groundless. One body was recovered, not an University man, and in his case the means promptly used to restore animation were successful. But it was not until late in the evening that the search was given up, and even the next morning it was a sensible relief to hear that no college had found any of its members missing.

I returned to my rooms as soon as all reasonable apprehension of a fatal result had subsided, though before the men had left off dragging; and was somewhat surprised, and at first amused, to recognise, sitting before the fire in the disguise of my own dressing-gown and slippers, Charles Russell.

"Hah! Russell, what brings you here at this time of night?" said I; "however, I'm very glad to see you."

"Well, I'm not sorry to find myself here, I can tell you; I have been in a less comfortable place to-night."

"What do you mean?" said I, as a suspicion of the truth flashed upon me—surely!

"I have been in the water, that's all," replied Russell quietly; "don't be alarmed, my good fellow, I'm all right now. John has made me quite at home here, you see. We found your clothes a pretty good fit, got up a capital fire at last, and I was only waiting for you to have some brandy and water. Now, don't look so horrified, pray."

In spite of his good spirits, I thought he looked pale; and I was somewhat shocked at the danger he had been in—more so from the suddenness of the information.

"Why," said I, as I began to recall the circumstance, "Leicester and I came to not two minutes after it happened, and watched nearly every man that was got out. You could not have been in the water long then, I hope?"

"Nay, as to that," said Russell, "it seemed long enough to me, I can tell you, though I don't recollect all of it. I got underneath a punt or something, which prevented my coming up as soon as I ought."

"How did you get out at last?"

"Why, that I don't quite remember; I found myself on the walk by King's barge; but they had to turn me upside down, I fancy, to empty me. I'll take that brandy by itself, Hawthorne, for I think I have the necessary quantity of water stowed away already."

"Good heavens! don't joke about it; why, what an escape you must have had!"

"Well, seriously then, Hawthorne, I have had a very narrow escape, for which I am very thankful; but I don't want to alarm any one about it, for fear

it should reach my sister's ears, which I very much wish to avoid, for the present at all events. So I came up to your rooms here as soon as I could walk. Luckily, John saw me down at the water, so I came up with him, and got rid of a good many civil people who offered their assistance; and I have sent down to the lodgings to tell Mary I have staid to supper with you; so I shall get home quietly, and she will know nothing about this business. Fortunately, she is not in the way of hearing much Oxford gossip, poor girl!"

Russell sat with me about an hour, and then, as he said he felt very comfortable, I walked home with him to the door of his lodgings, where I wished him good-night, and returned.

I had intended to have paid him an early visit the next morning; but somehow I was lazier than usual, and had scarcely bolted my commons in time to get to lecture. This over, I was returning to my rooms, when my scout met me.

"Oh, sir," said he, "Mr. Smith has just been here, and wanted to see you, he said, particular."

Mr. Smith? Of all the gentlemen of that name in Oxford, I thought I had not the honour of a personal acquaintance with one.

"Mr. Russell's Mr. Smith, sir," explained John: "the little gentleman as used to come to his rooms so often."

I walked up the staircase, ruminating within myself what possible business "poor Smith" could have with me, of whom he had usually appeared to entertain a degree of dread. Something to do with Russell, probably. And I had half resolved to take the opportunity to call upon him, and try to make out who and what he was, and how he and Russell came to be so intimately acquainted. I had scarcely stuck old Herodotus back into his place on the shelf, however, when there came a gentle tap at the door, and the little Bible-clerk made his appearance. All diffidence and shyness had wholly vanished from his manner. There was an earnest expression in his countenance which struck me even before he spoke. I had scarcely time to utter the most commonplace civility, when, without attempt at explanation or apology, he broke out with—

"Oh, Mr. Hawthorne, have you seen Russell this morning?"

"No," said I, thinking he might possibly have heard some false report of the late accident—"but he was in my room last night, and none the worse for his wetting."

"Oh, yes, yes! I know that; but pray, come down and see him now—he is very ill, I fear."

"You don't mean it! What on earth is the matter?"

"Oh! he has been in a high fever all last night! and they say he is worse this morning—Dr. Wilson and Mr. Lane are both with him—and poor Miss Russell!—he does not know her—not know his sister; and oh, Mr. Hawthorne, he must be very ill; and they won't let me go to him!" And poor Smith threw himself into a chair, and fairly burst into tears.

I was very much distressed too; but, at the moment, I really believe I felt more pity for the poor lad before me, than even apprehension for my friend Russell. I went up to him, shook his hand, and begged him to compose himself. Delirium, I assured him—and tried hard to assure myself—was the usual concomitant of fever, and not at all alarming. Russell had taken a chill, no doubt, from the unlucky business of the last evening, but there could not be much danger in so short a time. "And now, Smith," said I, "just take a glass of wine, and you and I will go down together, and I dare say we shall find him better by this time."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," he replied; "you are very kind—very kind indeed—no wine, thank you—could not drink it: but oh! if they would only let me see him. And poor Miss Russell! and no one to attend to him but her!—but will you come down now directly?"

My own anxiety was not less than his, and in a very few minutes we were at the door of Russell's lodgings. The answer to our inquiries was, that he was in much the same state, and that he was to be kept perfectly quiet; the old housekeeper was in tears; and although she said Dr. Wilson told them he hoped there would be a change for the better soon, it was evident that poor Russell was at present in imminent danger.

I sent up my compliments to Miss Russell to offer my services in any way in which they could be made available; but nothing short of the most intimate acquaintance could have justified any attempt to see her at present, and we left the house. I thought I should never have got Smith from the door; he seemed thoroughly overcome. I begged him to come with me back to my rooms—a Bible-clerk has seldom too many friends in the University, and it seemed cruel to leave him by himself in such evident distress of mind. Attached as I was to Russell myself, his undisguised grief really touched me, and almost made me reproach myself with being comparatively unfeeling. At any other time, I fear it might have annoyed me to encounter as I did the inquisitive looks of some of my friends, as I entered the College gates arm-in-arm with my newly-found and somewhat strange-looking acquaintance. As it was, the only feeling that arose in my mind was a degree of indignation that any man should venture to throw a supercilious glance at him; and if I longed to replace his shabby and ill-cut coat by something more gentlemanly in appearance, it was for his sake, and not my own.

And now it was that, for the first time, I learnt the connexion that existed between the Bible-clerk and the quondam gentleman-commoner. Smith's father had been for many years a confidential clerk in Mr. Russell's bank; for Mr. Russell's bank it was solely, the Smith who had been one of the original partners having died some two generations back, though the name of the firm, as is not unusual, had been continued without alteration. The clerk was a poor relation, in some distant degree, of the sometime partner; his father, too, had been a clerk before him. By strict carefulness, he had saved some little money during his many years of hard work; and this, by special favour on the part of Mr. Russell, he had been allowed to invest in the bank capital, and thereby to receive a higher rate of interest than he could otherwise have obtained. The elder Smith's great ambition—indeed it was his only ambition—for the prosperity of the bank itself he looked upon as a law of nature, which did not admit of the feeling of hope, as being a fixed and immutable certainty—his ambition was to bring up his son as a gentleman. Mr. Russell would have given him a stool and a desk, and he might have aspired hereafter to his father's situation, which would have assured him £250 per annum. But somehow the father did not wish the son to tread in his own steps. Perhaps the close confinement, and unrefreshing relaxations of a London clerk, had weighed heavily upon his own youthful spirits; perhaps he was anxious to spare the son of his old age—for, like a prudent man he had not married until late in life—from the unwholesome toils of the counting-house, varied only too often by the still less wholesome dissipation of the evening. At all events, his visions for him were not of annually increasing salaries, and future independence: of probable partnerships, and possible lord mayoralties; but of some cottage among green trees, far away in the quiet country, where, even as a country parson, people would touch their

hats to him as they did to Mr. Russell himself, and where, when the time should come for superannuation and a pension—the house had always behaved liberally to its old servants—his own last days might happily be spent in listening to his son's sermons, and smoking his pipe—if such a thing were lawful—in the porch of the parsonage. So while the principal was carefully training his heir to enact the fashionable man at Oxford, and in due time to take his place among the squires of England, and shunning, as if with a kind of remorseful conscience, to make him a sharer in his own contaminating speculations; the humble official too, but from far purer motives, was endeavouring in his degree, perhaps unconsciously, to deliver his boy from the snares of mammon. And when Charles Russell was sent to the University, many were the enquiries which Smith's anxious parent made, among knowing friends, about the expenses and advantages of an Oxford education. And various, according to each individual's sanguine or saturnine temperament, were the answers he obtained, and tending rather to his bewilderment than information. One intimate acquaintance assured him, that the necessary expenses of an under-graduate need not exceed a hundred pounds per annum: another—he was somewhat of a sporting character—did not believe any young man could do the thing like a gentleman under five. So Mr. Smith would probably have given up his darling project for his son in despair, if he had not fortunately thought of consulting Mr. Russell himself upon the point; and that gentleman, though somewhat surprised at his clerk's aspiring notions, good-naturedly solved the difficulty as to ways and means, by procuring for his son a Bible-clerk's appointment at one of the Halls, upon which he could support himself respectably, with comparatively little pecuniary help from his friends. With his connexions and interest, it was no great stretch of friendly exertion in behalf of an old and trusted servant; but to the Smiths, father and son, both the munificence which designed such a favour, and the influence which could secure it, tended if possible to strengthen their previous conviction, that the power and the bounty of the house of Russell came within a few degrees of omnipotence. Even now, when recent events had so fearfully shaken them from this delusion; when the father's well-earned savings had disappeared in the general wreck with the hoards of wealthier creditors, and the son was left almost wholly dependent on the slender proceeds of his humble office; even now, as he told me the circumstances just mentioned, regret at the ruined fortunes of his benefactors seemed in a great measure to overpower every personal feeling. In the case of the younger Russell, indeed, this gratitude was not misplaced. No sooner was he aware of the critical situation of his father's affairs, and the probability of their involving all connected with him, than, even in the midst of his own harassing anxieties, he turned his attention to the prospects of the young Bible-clerk, whose means of support, already sufficiently narrow, were likely to be further straitened in the event of a bankruptcy of the firm. His natural good-nature had led him to take some little notice of young Smith on his first entrance at the University, and he knew his merits as a scholar to be very indifferent. The obscure suburban boarding-school at which he had been educated, in spite of its high-sounding name—"Minerva House," I believe—was no very sufficient preparation for Oxford. When the Greek and the washing are both extras, at three guineas per annum, one clean shirt in the week, and one lesson in *Delectus*, are perhaps as much as can reasonably be expected. Poor Smith had, indeed, a fearful amount of up-hill work, to qualify himself even for his "little-go." Charles Russell, not less to his surprise than to his unbounded gratitude, inasmuch as he was wholly ignorant of his motives for taking so much trouble, undertook to assist and direct him in his reading; and Smith, when he had got over his first diffidence, having a good share of plain natural sense, and hereditary habits of plodding, made more rapid progress than might have been expected. The frequent visits to Russell's rooms, whose charitable object neither I nor any one else could have guessed, had resulted in a very safe pass through his first formidable ordeal, and he seemed now to have little fear of eventual success for his degree, with a strong probability of being privileged to starve upon a curacy thereafter. But for Russell's aid, he would, in all likelihood, have been remanded from his first examination back to his father's desk, to the bitter mortification of the old man at the time, and to become an additional burden to him on the loss at once of his situation and his little capital.

Poor Smith! it was no wonder that, at the conclusion of his story, interrupted constantly by broken expressions of gratitude, he wrung his hands, and called Charles Russell the only friend he had in the world. "And, oh! if he were to die! Do you think he will die?"

I assured him I hoped and trusted not, and with the view of relieving his and my own suspense, though it was little more than an hour since we had left his door, we went down again to make enquiries. The street door was open, and so was that of the landlady's little parlour, so we walked in at once. She shook her head in reply to our inquiries. "Dr. Wilson has been up stairs with him, sir, for the last hour nearly, and he has sent twice to the druggist for some things, and I fancy he is no better at all events."

"How is Miss Russell?" I inquired.

"Oh, sir, she don't take on much—not at all, as I may say; but she don't speak to nobody, and she don't take nothing: twice I have carried her up some tea, poor thing, and she just tasted it because I begged her, and she wouldn't refuse me, I know—but, poor dear young lady! it is very hard upon her, and she all alone like."

"Will you take up my compliments—Mr. Hawthorne—and ask if I can be of any possible service?" said I, scarce knowing what to say or do. Poor girl! she was indeed to be pitied; her father ruined, disgraced, and a fugitive from the law; his only son—the heir of such proud hopes and expectations once—lying between life and death; her only brother, her only counsellor and protector, now unable to recognize or to speak to her—and she so unused to sorrow or hardship, obliged to struggle on alone, and exert herself to meet the thousand wants and cares of illness, with the added bitterness of poverty.

The answer to my message was brought back by the old housekeeper, Mrs. Saunders. She shook her head, said her young mistress was very much obliged and would be glad if I would call and see her brother to-morrow; when she hoped he would be better; "But oh, sir!" she added, "he will never be better any more! I know the doctors don't think so, but I can't tell her, poor thing—I try to keep her up, sir; but I do wish some of her own friends were here—she won't write to any body, and I don't know the directions"—and she stopped, for her tears were almost convulsing her.

I could not remain to witness misery which I could do nothing to relieve; so I took Smith by the arm—for he stood by the door half-stupified, and proceeded back towards college. He had to mark the roll at his own chapel that evening; so we parted at the top of the street, after I had made him promise to come to breakfast with me in the morning. Russell's illness cast a universal gloom over the college that evening; and when the answer to our last message, sent down as late as we could venture to do, was still unfavourable, it was with anxious anticipation that we awaited any change which the morrow might bring.

The next day passed, and still Russell remained in the same state. He was in a high fever, and either perfectly unconscious of all around him, or talking in that incoherent and yet earnest strain, which is more painful to those who have to listen to and to soothe than even the total prostration of the reason. No one was allowed to see him; and his professional attendants, though they held out hopes founded on his youth and good constitution, acknowledged that every present symptom was most unfavourable.

The earliest intelligence on the third morning was, that the patient had passed a very bad night, and was much the same; but in the course of an hour or two afterwards, a message came to me to say that Mr. Russell would be glad to see me. I rushed, rather than ran, down to his lodgings, in a perfect exultation of hope, and was so breathless with haste and excitement when I arrived there, that I was obliged to pause a few moments to calm myself before I raised the carefully muffled knocker. My joy was damped at once by poor Mrs. Saunders' mournful countenance.

"Your master is better, I hope—is he not?" said I.

"I am afraid not, sir; but he is very quiet now: and he knew his poor dear sister; and then he asked if any one had been to see him, and we mentioned you, sir; and then he said he should like to see you very much, and so Miss made bold to send to you—if you please to wait, sir, I'll tell her you are here."

In a few moments she returned—Miss Russell would see me if I would walk up.

I followed her into the little drawing-room, and there, very calm and very pale, sat Mary Russell. Though her brother and myself had now so long been constant companions, I had seen but very little of her; on the very few evenings I had spent with Russell at his lodgings she had merely appeared to make tea for us, had joined but little in the conversation, and retired almost before the table was cleared. In her position, this behaviour seemed but natural; and as, in spite of the attraction of her beauty, there was a shade of that haughtiness and distance of manner which we had all at first fancied in her brother, I had begun to feel a respectful kind of admiration for Mary Russell, tinged, I may now venture to admit—I was barely twenty at the time—with a slight degree of awe. Her very misfortunes threw over her a sort of sanctity. She was too beautiful not to rivet the gaze, too noble and too womanly in her devotion to her brother not to touch the affections, but too cold and silent—almost as it seemed too sad—to love. Her brother seldom spoke of her; but when he did it was in a tone which showed—what he did not care to conceal—his deep affection and anxious care for her; he watched her every look and movement whenever she was present; and if his love erred in any point, it was that it seemed possible it might be even too sensitive and jealous for her own happiness.

The blinds were drawn close down, and the little room was very dark; yet I could see at a glance the work which anguish had wrought upon her in the last two days, and, though no tears were to be seen now, they had left their traces only too plainly. She did not rise, or trust herself to speak; but she held out her hand to me as if we had been friends from childhood. And if thorough sympathy, and mutual confidence, and true, but pure affection, make such friendship, then surely we became so from that moment. I never thought Mary Russell cold again—yet I did not dream of loving her—she was my sister in every thing but the name.

I broke the silence of our painful meeting—painful as it was, yet not without that inward throb of pleasure which always attends the awakening of hidden sympathies. What I said I forget; what does one, or can one say, at such moments, but words utterly meaningless, so far as they affect to be an expression of what we feel! The hearts understand each other without language, and with that we must be content.

"He knew me a little while ago," said Mary Russell at last; "and asked for you; and I knew you would be kind enough to come directly if I sent."

"Surely it must be a favourable symptom, this return of consciousness!"

"We will hope so: yes, I thought it was; and oh! how glad I was! But Dr. Wilson does not say much, and I fear he thinks him weaker. I will go now and tell him you are come."

"You can see him now if you please," she said when she returned; "he seems perfectly sensible still, and, when I said you were here, he looked quite delighted." She turned away, and, for the first time, her emotion mastered her.

I followed her into her brother's room. He did not look so ill as I expected; but I saw with great anxiety, as I drew nearer his bed, that his face was still flushed with fever, and his eye looked wild and excited. He was evidently, however, at present free from delirium, and recognized me at once. His sister begged him not to speak much, or ask questions, reminding him of the physician's strict injunctions with regard to quiet.

"Dr. Wilson forgets, my love, that it is as necessary at least for the mind to be quiet as the tongue," said Russell with an attempt to smile; and then, after a pause, he added, as he took my hand, "I wanted to see you, Hawthorne; I know I am in very great danger; and, once more, I want to trouble you with a confidence. Nay, nothing very important; and pray, don't ask me, as I see you are going to do, not to tire myself with talking: I know what I am going to say, and will try to say it very shortly; but thinking is at least as bad for me as speaking." He paused again from weakness; Miss Russell had left the room. I made no reply. He half rose, and pointed to a writing-desk on a small table, with keys in the lock. I moved towards it, and opened it, as I understood his gestures; and brought to him, at his request, a small bundle of letters, from which he selected one, and gave it me to read. It was a banker's letter, dated some months back, acknowledging the receipt of three hundred pounds to Russell's credit, and enclosing the following note:—

"Sir,—Messrs — are directed to inform you of the sum of £300 placed to your credit. You will be wrongly advised if you scruple to use it. If at any time you are enabled, and desire it, it may be repaid through the said channel."

"ONE OF YOUR FATHER'S CREDITORS"

"I have never touched it," said Russell, as I folded up the note.

"I should have feared you would not," said I.

"But now," he proceeded, "now things seem changed with me. I shall want money—Mary will; and I shall draw upon this unseen charity; ay, and gratefully—Poor Mary!"

"You are quite right, my dear Russell," said I, eager to interrupt a train of thought which I saw would be too much for him. "I will manage all that for you, and you shall give me the necessary authority till you get well again yourself." I added in a tone meant to be cheerful.

He took no notice of my remark. "I fear," said he, "I have not been a wise counsellor to my poor sister. She had kind offers from more than one of our friends, and might have had a home more suited to her than this has been, and I allowed her to choose to sacrifice all her own prospects to mine!"

He turned his face away, and I knew that one painful thought besides was in

his mind—that they had been solely dependent on her little income for his support at the University since his father's failure.

"Russell," said I gently, "this conversation can surely do no good; why distress yourself and me unnecessarily? Come, I shall leave you now, or your sister will scold me. Pray, for all our sakes, try to sleep; you know how desirable it is, and how much stress Dr. Wilson has laid upon your being kept perfectly calm and quiet."

"I will, Hawthorne, I will try; but oh, I have so much to think of!"

Distressed and anxious, I could only take my leave of him for the present, feeling how much there was, indeed, in his circumstances to make rest even more necessary, and more difficult to obtain, for the mind than for the body.—
[To be Continued]

MEXICO, ITS TERRITORY AND PEOPLE.

From "Blackwood's Magazine."

Man must be content to follow the steps of Providence tardily, timidly, and uncertainly; but he can have no pursuit more worthy of his genius, his wisdom, or his virtue. Why one half of the globe remained hidden from the other during the four or five thousand years after its creation, is among the questions which we may long ask without obtaining an answer. Why the treasures, the plants, and the animals of America should have been utterly unknown, alike to the adventurous expeditions of Tyre and Sidon, to the nautical skill of the Carthaginian, to the brilliant curiosity of the Greek, and to the imperial ambition of the Roman; while their discovery was reserved for a Genoese sailor in the fifteenth century, is a problem perhaps inaccessible of solution by any human insight into the ways of the Great Disposer of all things. Yet may it not be conjectured that the knowledge was expressly withheld until it could be of practical use to mankind; that if America had been discovered a thousand years before, it would have been found only a vast wilderness in both its southern and northern divisions, for it was then almost wholly unpeopled; that with the chief interest of imperial Rome turned to European possession or Eastern conquest, the discovery would have been nearly thrown away; that there was hitherto no superflux of European population to pour into this magnificent desert; and that even if Roman adventure had dared the terrors of the ocean, and the perils of new climates, at an almost interminable distance from home, the massacres and plunders habitual to heathen conquest must have impeded, if not wholly broken up, the progress of the feeble population already settling on the soil; or perhaps trained that population to habits of ferocity like their own, and turned a peaceful and pastoral land into a scene of slaughter and misery?

The discovery of the American Continent flashed on the world like the discovery of a new Creation. In reading the correspondence of the learned at the time, the return of Columbus, and the knowledge which that return brought, is spoken of with a rapture of language more resembling an Arabian tale than the narrative of the most adventurous voyage of man. The primitive races of their fellow-beings, living in the simplicity of nature, under forests of the palm with all delicious fruits for their food, with gold and pearls for their toys, and the rich treasures of new plants and animals of all species for their indulgence and their use, were described with the astonishment and delight of a dream of Fairy-land, or the still richer visions of restored Paradise.

Yet, when the hues of imagination grew colourless by time, the continents of the West displayed to the ripened knowledge of Europe virtues only still more substantial. The contrast between the northern and southern portions of the New World is of the most striking kind. It is scarcely less marked than the distinction between the broken, deeply-divided, and well-watered surface of Europe, and the broad plains, vast mountain ranges, and few, but mighty rivers, which form the characteristic features of Asia. In North America, we see a land of singularly varied surface, in its primitive state, covered with forest; with an uncertain climate; a soil seldom luxuriant, often sterile, every where requiring, and generally rewarding human industry; watered by many rivers, penetrated in almost every direction by navigable streams, and traversed from north to south, an unusual direction for rivers, by an immense stream, the Mississippi, bringing down the furs, the produce of the north, the corn of the temperate zone, the fruits of the tropics, and connecting all those regions with the commerce of Europe: a natural canal, of more than two thousand miles, without a perceptible difference of breadth, from New Orleans to the falls of St. Anthony. The Arkansas, Missouri, Ohio, noble rivers, traverse the land in a variety of directions, with courses of from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles; and to the north of the United States, a chain of vast inland seas, a succession of Mediterranean seas, surrounded by productive provinces, rapidly filling with a busy population.

The southern portion of the New World exhibits the plains of Tartary, the solitary mountain range of India, the fertility of the Asiatic soil. It, too, has its Ganges and its Indus, in the Amazon and the Rio de la Plata; but its smaller streams are few and feeble. It has the fiery heat of India, the dangerous exhalations of the jungle, the tiger and the lion, though of a less daring and powerful species; and the native, dark, delicate, timid, and indolent, as the Hindoo.

Without speaking of the contrast as perfectly sustained in all its points, it is unquestionable that North and South America have been formed for two great families of humankind as distinct as energy and ease; that the North is to be possessed only as the conquest of toil, while the South allows of the languor into whose hand the fruit drops from the tree.

May it not also be rationally conjectured, that in the discovery Europe and America were equally the objects of the Providential benevolence? It was palpably the Divine will to give Europe a new and powerful advance in the fifteenth century. Printing, gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, were its gifts to Europe; to be followed and consummated in that new impulse at once to religious truth and to social improvement, which so soon transpired in the German Reformation, and in the commercial system of England and the continental nations. The extension of this mighty impulse to America rapidly followed. The first English colony was planted in North America in the reign of Elizabeth, the great protectress of Protestantism; and the first authentic knowledge of South America was brought to Europe by the discoveries of Englishmen, following the route of Columbus, and going beyond him. It is true that the intercourse of the South with the energetic qualities and free principles of Europe was impeded by an influence which, from its first being, has been hostile to the free progress of the human mind. The Popedom threw its shadow over Spanish America, and the great experiment of civilisation was comparatively thrown away wherever the priest of Rome was paramount. The land, too, witnessed a succession of slaughters, and the still more fearful trade in the unfortunate natives of Africa. But the most powerful contrast was furnished to mankind in the rapid growth of the Protestant states of the north, in their increasing commerce, in the vigour of their laws, in the activity of the public mind,

and the ascent of their scattered and feeble communities into the rank and the enjoyments of a great nation.

Nor are we to speak of South America as having wholly slept during the period since its discovery. If all the larger faculties which give nations a place in history remained in a state of collapse under the pressure of Spain, society had made a forward step in every province of that great territory. The inhabitants had never relapsed into their primitive barbarism; they had laws, commerce, manufactures, and literature, all in a ruder degree than as developed under the vivid activity of Europe, but all raising the provinces into a gradual capacity of social vigour, of popular civilisation, and perhaps even of that pure religion without which national power is only evil. Perhaps the cloud which has rested for so many ages over the moral soil of South America, may have been suffered to remain until the soil itself acquired strength for a larger product under a more industrious generation. It is not improbable that as the gold and silver of the South were evidently developed, in the fifteenth century, to supply the new commercial impulse of that time of European advance, the still more copious, and still more important, agricultural wealth of countries overflowing with unused exuberance—the magnificent tropical fertility of the continents beyond the ocean—may have been reserved to increase the opulence and stimulate the ardour of a period which the Steam-boat and the Railway have marked for a mighty change in the earth; and in which they may be only the first fruits of scientific skill, the promises of inventions still more powerful, the heralds of a general progress of mankind, to whose colossal strides all the past is feeble, unpurposed, and ineffectual.

The invasion of the Mexican territory by the army of the United States has naturally attracted the eyes of Europe; and whether the war shall issue in a total conquest or in a hollow peace, its results must strongly affect the future condition of the country. Mexico must at once take the bold attitude of an empire, or must be dismembered, province by province, until its very name is no more. But no country of the western world has a position more fitted for empire. Washed on the east by the gulf which bears its name, and on the west by the Pacific, it thus possesses direct access to two oceans, and by them to the most opulent regions of the globe. On the south it can dread no rival in the struggling state of Guatemala. But the north is the true frontier on which the battle of its existence is to be fought, if fought at all, for beyond that barrier stretch the United States. The extent of its territory startles European conceptions, extending in north latitude from fifteen to forty-two degrees, and in west longitude from eighty-seven to one hundred and twenty-five degrees. Its surface, on a general calculation, contains about a million and a half of square miles, or about seven times the dimensions of France. Yet, though thus approaching the equator, the climate of Mexico is in general highly favourable to the products of the temperate zone: the incomparably larger portion of its surface being a succession of table-lands or elevated plains, where, with the sun of the tropics blazing almost vertically, the evenings are refreshingly cool, the breeze is felt from the mountains or the ocean, and the days are scarcely hotter than those of Europe.

We now glance at the principal features of this great territory.

Vera Cruz, its chief commercial city, and medium of intercourse with Europe, is handsomely built, exhibiting the usual signs of commercial wealth, in the stateliness of its private houses, and in the rarer peculiarity of wide and cleanly streets. But when did commerce build with any other consideration than that of trade? Vera Cruz is proverbially unhealthy; a range of swamps in the vicinity loads the summer air with fatal exhalations; and the Vomito, the name for a rapid disease, evidently akin to the fearful Black-vomit of Africa, requires either the most vigilant precaution, or more probably the most fortunate chance, to escape its immediate seizure of the frame. Yet it is said that this disease seldom attacks the natives of the city.

But the general susceptibility of the European frame to tropical disease, is tried here in almost every shape of suffering; and typhus, yellow fever, and almost pestilence, terribly thin the concourse of the stranger.

Yet such is the courage of money-making in all parts of the world, that climate is regarded as only a bugbear. The trader in Vera Cruz enters on the campaign against "all the ills that flesh is heir to," as if he had a patent for life. The streets, in the trading season, exhibit perpetual crowds; the harbour is full of masts, nestling under the protection of St. Juan d'Ulloa from the bursts of wind which sometimes come with terrible violence from the north; and the funeral and the festivity go on together, and without much impeding each other in a land which for the time exhibits the very Festino, or fete of the Merchant, the Sailor, and the Creole.

But, when this season ends, Vera Cruz is as sad as a dungeon, as silent as a monastery, and as sickly as an hospital. The senoras, a race of perfectly Spanish-visaged, black-eyed, and very coquettish beauties, sit all day drooping in their balconies, like doves upon the housetops, perhaps longing for a hurricane, an earthquake, or any thing which may break up the monotony of their existence. The sound of a guitar, a passing footstep, nay, the whine of a beggar, sets a whole street in motion, and there is a general rustling of mantillas, and a general rush to the windows. The men bear their calamity better; the senor, when he has once a cigar between his fallow lips, has made up his mind for the day. Whether he stands in the sunshine or sits in the shade—whether he wakes or sleeps, the cigar serves him for all the exercise of his animal functions. His brain is as much enveloped in smoke as his moustaches; his cares vanish like the smoke itself. It is not until his cigar-box is empty, that he reverts to the consciousness of his being an inhabitant of this world of ours.

But some are of a more aspiring disposition. They now and then glance round upon the noble landscape which encircles their city. But they do this with the most dexterous determination not to move a limb. Their houses are flat-roofed; some of them have little glazed chambers on the roofs; and there they sit with the sky above them, the mountains round them, and the sea beneath them, dreaming away like so many dormice. One of their American describers compares the whole well-bred population to a colony of beavers; but, we presume, without the industry of the quadruped. Their still closer resemblance would be to a wax-work collection on a large scale, where tinsel petticoats, woollen wigs, and bugle eyes imitate humanity, and every thing is before the spectator but life.

Jonathan, who thinks himself born to lay hold on every scrap of the globe by which he can turn one cent into two, looks of course, on the whole shore of the gulf—towns, mines, and mountains—as his own. He frees himself from all scruples on the subject by the obvious convenience of the conception.

"No spot of the earth," says one of those neighbourly persons, "will be more desirable than the soil of Mexico for a residence, whenever it is in possession of our race, with the government and laws which they carry with them wherever they go. The march of time is not more certain than this will be, and probably at no distant day."

And, on this showing, the man of "government and laws" proceeds to "sink,

burn, and destroy," in the "great cause of humanity," edifies the native by grape-shot, and polishes him with the cutlass. In those exploits of a "free and enlightened" people, our only surprise is that diplomacy itself takes the trouble of offering any apology whatever. The comparative powers of resistance and attack settle the conscience of the affair in a word. The seizure is easy, and therefore why should it not be made? The riflemen of Kentucky and the hunters of Virginia, the squatters of Ohio and the sympathizers of Massachusetts, all see the affair in the proper light; and why should the philosopher or the philanthropist, the man of justice or the man of religion, be listened to on subjects so much more easily settled by the rattle of twelve-pounders? The right of making war on Mexico has not yet found a single defender but in the roar of the rabble; not a single plea but in the convenience of the possession. Even the American journals have given up their old half-savage rant of universal conquest. Every drop of blood shed in a war of aggression is sure to be avenged.

The present town is not the town of Cortes. His "Villa Rica de Vera Cruz" (The Rich City of the True Cross) was seated six miles further inland. But trade decided against the choice of the great soldier. The pen, in this instance, conquered the sword a century before the conflict began in Europe. The population of the old city slipped away to the new and hasty hovels on the shore; and the ground consecrated by the banner of the Spanish hero was left to the donkey and the thistle.

The visible protector of the city and harbour (it has saints innumerable) is the island of St Juan de Ulloa, lying within 600 yards of the mole; and on which stands the well-known fortress. Ships, of course, pass immediately under its guns; and it is regarded as the most powerful fortress in Mexico, or perhaps in the New World, being now thoroughly armed. This is a different state of things from the condition in which it was found by the French squadron in 1839. The ramparts were then scarcely mounted, the guns were more dangerous to the garrison than to the enemy, and of regular artillerymen there were few or none; engineers were unheard of. The French naturally did as they pleased; achieved a magnanimous triumph over bare walls, and plucked a laurel for the Prince de Joinville from the most barren of all possible soils of victory; but it served for a bulletin. They would probably now find another kind of reception, for the ramparts have guns and the guns have artillerymen.

The aspect of the Mexican coast from the sea is singularly bold. On the north and west the waters of the Gulf wash a level shore; but on the south all is a crescent of mountains, rising to a general height of 12,000 feet above the level of the sea; but the noblest object is the snow-capped pinnacle of Orizaba, rising, according to Humboldt, 17,400 feet, and covered with perpetual snow from the height of 15,092. This is a volcanic mountain, but which has slept since the middle of the sixteenth century; what must have been its magnificence when its summit was covered with flame!

The mode of conveyance between Vera Cruz and Mexico is chiefly by an establishment of stage-coaches, making three journeys a-week between the capitals. Those vehicles, originally established by an American of the United States, are now the property of a Mexican whom they are rapidly making rich. The horses are Mexican, and, though small, are strong and spirited. The stage leaves Vera Cruz at eleven at night, and arrives about three o'clock in the next afternoon at Jalapa, a distance of about seventy miles, and a continual ascent through mountains. The houses on the wayside are few and wretched, constructed of canes ten feet long, fixed in the ground, and covered with palm-tree leaves. The villages strongly resemble those of the American Indians; hovels ten or twelve feet square, with a small patch of ground for Chillies and Indian corn—the only difference of those original styles of architecture being that the northern builds with logs, the southern with mud in the shape of bricks.

A large portion of the country between those two towns belonged to the well-known General Santa Anna. The soil of his vast estate is fertile, but left to its natural fertility—the General being a shepherd, and said to have from forty to fifty thousand head of cattle in his pastures. He also acts the farmer, and takes in cattle to graze. His demand is certainly not high; and Yorkshire will be astonished to hear that he feeds them at forty dollars the hundred.

The ascent of the mountain range, and the varieties of the road, naturally keep the traveller on the *qui vive*. With the air singularly transparent, with the brightest of skies above, and the most varied of southern landscapes stretching to an unlimited extent below, the eye finds a continual feast. The city of Jalapa stands on the slope, throned on a shelf of the mountain 4000 feet above the sea, and with 4000 feet of the bold and sunny range above it. The whole horizon, except in the direction of Vera Cruz, is a circle of mountains, and towering above them all, at a distance of twenty-five miles, (which, from the clearness of the air, seems scarcely the fourth part of the distance,) rises the splendid cone of Orizaba. On the summit of the range stands Perote, a town connected with a strong fortress, perhaps the highest in position that the world exhibits—8500 feet above the shore.

Height makes the difference between heat and cold every where. In the middle of a summer which burns the blood in the human frame at Vera Cruz, men in Perote button their coats to the chin, and sleep in blankets. Thus winter is brought from the Poles to the Tropics, and the Mexican shivers under the most fiery sunshine of the globe.

The next stage is Puebla—eighty miles; the road passes over a vast plain generally without a sign of cultivation, as generally destitute of inhabitants, and with scarcely a tree, and scarcely a stream. It is difficult to know to what purpose this huge prairie can be turned, except to a field of battle. As the road approaches Puebla, there are farms erected by the town, and from which its wants are chiefly supplied. They produce wheat, barley, and Indian corn. The only fodder for horses is wheaten straw, but on this they contrive to 'grow fat'; we are not called on to account for the phenomenon.

But every nation loves to intoxicate itself, and the Mexicans boast of the most nauseous invention for the purpose among the discoveries of man. Pulque, the national beverage, is the juice of the Agave Americana, fermented. The original process by which the fermentation is produced is one which we shall not venture to detail; but the liquor obtained from the section of the plant is drawn up by a rude syphon, and poured into dressed ox-hides. The taste is mawkish, and the smell is noisome. Yet, to the Mexican, it is nectar and ambrosia together. Pulque is to him meat, drink, and clothing, for without it the world has no pleasures. The most remarkable circumstance is, that it is without strength. Thus it wants the charm of brandy, which may madden, but which at least warms; or aquafortis, which the Pole and the Russ are said to drink as a qualifier of their excesses in train oil; but the Mexican would rather die, or even fight, than dispense with his pulque; and if Santa Anna had but put his warriors on short allowance of the national liquor before his last battle, and promised them double allowance after it, he would probably have been, at this moment, on the Mexican throne.

The Agave, called by the natives *Maguey*, is certainly an extraordinary in-

stance of succulency, and an unrivalled acquisition to a thirsty population. A single plant of the Agave has been known to supply one hundred and fifty gallons of this sap. In good land it grows to an enormous size, the centre stem often thirty feet high, and twelve or fifteen inches in diameter at the bottom. When the plant is in flower, which occurs from seven to fifteen years old, the centre stem is cut off at the bottom, and the juice is collected.

Humboldt says, that a single plant will yield four hundred and fifty-two cubic inches of liquor in twenty-four hours, for four or five months, which would give upwards of four hundred gallons. How curious are the distributions of nature! All this profuse efflux of mawkish fluid would be thrown away in any other country. But nature has given the Mexican a palate for its enjoyment, and to him the draught is rapture.

Mexico is the land for the lovers of pumice-stone. The whole road from Vera Cruz to the capital is covered with remnants of lava. Every plain seems to have been burnt up by eruptions a thousand years old, or, according to the time-table of the geologist, from ten to ten thousand millions of years ago. With the mountain tops all on fire, and the plains waving with an inundation of flame, Mexico must have been a splendid, though rather an inconvenient residence, in the "old time."

Mexican agriculture has not yet attained the invention of an iron ploughshare; its substitute is primitive and wooden. It evidently dates as far back as the times of the Dispersion. Nor, with thousands and tens of thousands of horses, have they yet discovered that a horse may be yoked to a plough. The Turks say, that the plague exists only where Mahometanism is the religion, and they seem to regard the distinction as a peculiar favour of Providence. It has been said by, or for, the Spaniards of the present day, that no railroad exists, nor, we presume, *can* exist, "where the Spanish language is spoken." The late abortive attempts to make a railway from Bayonne to Madrid, so far prove the incompatibility of railways with the tongue of the Peninsula. A little effort of human presumption in Cuba, has been ventured on, in the shape of a brief railway, which already goes, as we are informed, at the rate of some half dozen miles an hour. But as this is a dangerous speed to a Spaniard, we naturally suppose that the enterprise will be abandoned. But though the majority of the population, between drinking pulque and smoking cigars, find their hands completely full, one class is at least sufficiently active. Robbers in Mexico are what pedlars used to be in England; they keep up the life of the villages, plunder wherever they can, cheat where they cannot plunder, ride stout horses, and lead, on the whole, a varied, and sometimes a very gay life. One of the American travellers saw, at one of the villages where the stage changed horses, a dashing and picturesque figure, gaudily dressed, who rode by on a handsome horse richly caparisoned. On inquiring if the coachman knew him, the answer was, that he knew him perfectly well, and that he was the captain of a band of robbers, who had plundered the stage several times since the whip and reins had been in his hands. On the Americans urging the question, why he had not brought the robber to punishment, the answer was, "that he would be sure to be shot by some of the band the next time he passed the road;" the honour of Mexican thieves being peculiarly nice upon this point. It appeared that the dashing horseman had gone through the village on a *reconnaissance*, but probably not liking the obvious preparations of the travellers, had postponed the capture.

The mode of managing things in this somnolent country, is remarkable for its tranquillity. The American who narrates the circumstance, had taken with him from Vera Cruz four dragoons; but on accidentally enquiring on the road into the state of their arms, he found that but one carbine had a lock in fighting order, and even that one was not loaded; on which he dismissed the guard, and trusted to his companions, who were all well armed. The Mexican travellers, taking the matter in another way, never carry arms, but prepare a small purse "to be robbed of," of which they are robbed accordingly. A few miles from Perote, the road winds round a high hill, and the passengers generally get out and walk. The Americans on this occasion had left their arms in the carriage, but their more prudent chief immediately ordered them to carry them in their hands, and in the course of the ascent, they pounced upon a group of ruffians whom the driver pronounced to be robbers; and who, but for their arms, would probably have attacked them. In less than a month after this, five or six Americans having left their arms in the stage at this spot, were attacked, and stripped of every cent belonging to them.

It must be owned that this country has fine advantages for the gentlemen of the road. The highway between Vera Cruz and Mexico is the great conduit of life in the country. Nearly all the commerce goes by that way, and ninety out of every hundred travellers pass by the same route. The chief portion of the road is through an absolute desert. It frequently winds up the sides of mountains, and then is bordered by forests of evergreens, forming a capital shelter for the land pirate, the whole being a combination of Hounslow Heath and Shooter's Hill on a grand scale, and making highway robbery not merely a showy but a safe speculation, the gaming table being the chief recruiting office of the whole battalion of Mercury.

The statistics of gaming might borrow a chapter from Mexico. The passion for play is public, universal, and unbounded. It is probably superior even to the passion for pulque. Every one plays, and plays for all that he is worth in the world, and often for more. But he has his resource—the road. A man who has lost his last dollar, but who is determined to play on till he dies, lays himself under strong temptations of coveting his neighbour's goods. The hour when the stages pass is known to every one; the points of the road where they must go slowly up the hill, are familiar to all highway recollections. Associates are expeditiously found among the loiterers, who, after their own ruin, sit round the room watching the luck of others. The band is formed in a moment; they take the road without delay, post themselves in the evergreens, enjoy the finest imaginable prospect, and breathe the most refreshing air, until the creaking of the coach-wheels puts them on the alert. They then exhibit their weapons, the passengers produce their little purses, the stage is robbed of every thing portable, or convertible into cash, the band return to the gaming-table, fling out their coin, and play till they are either rich or ruined once more.

Some time after an adventure, such as we have described, the stage was robbed near Puebla by a gang, all of whom had the appearance of gentlemen. When the operation of rifling every body and every thing was completed, one of the robbers observed—"that they must not be looked on as professional thieves, for they were gentlemen; but having been unfortunate at play, they were forced to put the company to this inconvenience, for which they requested their particular pardon."

An incident of this order occurring in the instance of a public personage, some years before, long excited remarkable interest. The Swiss consul had been assassinated at noonday. A carriage had driven up to his door, out of which three men came, one in the dress of a priest. On the doors being opened

they seized and gagged the porter, rushed into the apartment where the consul was sitting, murdered and robbed him, and then retreated. None knew whence they came or whither they went; but the murdered man, in his dying struggle, had torn a button off the coat of one of the robbers, which they found still clenched in his hand. A soldier was shortly after seen with more money than he could account for; suspicion naturally fell upon him; his quarters were searched, and one of his coats was found with the button torn off. He was convicted, but relied upon a pardon through the Colonel Yanez, chief aide-de-camp of the president Santa Anna, who was his accomplice in the transaction. On being brought out for execution, and placed on the fatal bench where criminals are strangled, he cried out, "Stop, I will acknowledge my accomplices;" and he pronounced the name of the colonel. Search was immediately made in the house of Yanez, and a letter in cipher was found, connecting him with this and other robberies. This letter was left in the hands of one of the judges: he was offered a large sum to destroy it, and refused. In a few days after he was found dead, as was supposed, by poison. The paper was then transferred to another judge, who was offered the same bribe, and who promised to destroy it; but on conferring with his priests, though he took the money, he shrank from actual destruction of the document, and kept it in silence. Yanez was brought to trial, and, believing that the paper was no longer in existence, treated the charge with contempt. The paper was produced, and the aide-de-camp was condemned and executed.

Puebla is one of the handsomest cities in the Mexican territory. The houses are lofty, and in good taste, and the streets are wide and clean. About six miles from the city stood Cholula, which Cortes describes "as having a population of forty thousand citizens, well clothed," and, as it might appear, peculiarly devout according to their own style, for the conqueror counted in it the towers of four hundred idol temples. Of this city not a vestige remains but an immense mound of brick, on which now stands a Romish chapel.

Beyond Puebla, cultivation extends to a considerable distance on both sides of the road. To the right lies the republic of Tlascala, so memorable in the history of the Spanish conquest, and once crowded with a population of warriors. The road then runs at the foot of Popocatepetl, the highest of the Mexican mountains, seventeen thousand feet above the level of the sea. The capital is now approached; and on passing over the next ridge, the first glimpse is caught of the famous valley and city of Mexico. From this ridge Cortes had the first view of his conquest. It must have been an object of indescribable interest to the great soldier who had fought his way to the possession of the noblest prize of his age. The valley of Mexico, a circuit of seventeen square miles, must then have been a most magnificent sight, if it be true that it contained "forty cities, and villages without number." Time, war, and the fatal government of Spain, have nearly turned this splendid tract into a desert. But it still has features combining the picturesque with the grand. The valley partially resembles the crater of an immense volcano wholly surrounded by mountains, some of them rising ten thousand feet above the city. In the centre of this vast oval basin is a lake, or rather a chain of lakes, through the midst of which the road now passes for about eighteen miles, on a raised causeway. The city stands in the north-eastern quarter of the valley, not more than three miles from the mountains, at an elevation of seven thousand four hundred and seventy feet, and its position seems obviously made for the capital of an empire. [Remainder next week.]

CONVERSATION.

The art of conversation is generally considered to be something so easy of attainment—so natural a consequence of that gift of rational speech which distinguishes man from the rest of creation—that few persons take any trouble to prepare themselves for its practice. Perhaps this is the reason why, when we recall conversations in which we have taken a part, we generally find that but a small amount either of pleasure or improvement had been obtained from them. Among the educated classes, where we should naturally expect to find conversation pure, animated, and intellectual, there are many persons so much the slaves of conventional forms of speech and action, that the light of reason, or the warmth of feeling, never breaks through. Lord Bacon, long ago, described such people "as having certain commonplaces wherein they are good, but want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious and ridiculous. It is good," he continues in his quaint and solid style, "in speech of conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jests with earnestness; all which presupposes extensive and varied information, and that union of quick perceptions with good-sense and good-humour which we now call *tact*. This power was considered by Hazlitt to consist in the being completely aware of the feeling belonging to certain situations, passions, &c. and the being consequently sensible to their slightest indications or movements in others;" and Rousseau must have had a similar idea of it, when he laments that he had not himself "the calmness to think, and the quickness to speak, what was most appropriate in society, where one should know everybody's character and history, so as to say nothing that can give offence to any one." Indeed many men, who have been conspicuous in the eye of the world for their fine mental qualifications have failed in the same way: profound philosophers and scholars, like Sir Isaac Newton, having been proverbial for absence of mind, taciturnity, and awkward bashfulness. They had the "reading which makes a full man," but not "the speaking which makes the ready man."

Cowper, whose sensibility unfitted him for the rough realities of life, but who estimated, as they deserved, the consolations of genuine friendship, describes conversation—such, probably, as he enjoyed in his own select circle—as

"A gift, and not an art."

Yet the kind and confidential intercourse which is the charm of the inner domestic life, will not bear to be confounded with the conversation suited to that wider circle of society where the gay and the gifted meet, as on an arena, some to observe, and others to display talent and acquirements; for there must be good listeners as well as good talkers. "One reason," says the witty-Rochefoucault in his *Maxims*, "why we meet with so few persons who are reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarce any one who does not think more of what he has to say, than of answering what is said to him. Even those who have the most address and politeness, think they do enough if they only seem attentive; at the same time, their eyes and their minds betray a distraction as to what is addressed to them, and an impatience to return to what they themselves were saying; not reflecting that to be thus studious of pleasing themselves, is but a poor way of pleasing or convincing others; and that to hear patiently, and answer precisely, are the great perfections of conversation." Rochefoucault was a man of the world, one of the proudest and most polished of that ancient nobility which gave the law of manners to Europe. More than two hundred years have elapsed since he wrote his *Maxims*, yet Emerson, a

living American writer, in the second series of his *Essays*, curiously corroborates this opinion in what he writes of his own republican countrymen. "That happens," he observes, "in the world which we often witness in a public debate. Each of the speakers expresses himself imperfectly; not one of them hears much that another says, such is the preoccupation of the mind of each; and the audience, who have only to hear, and not to speak, judge very wisely how wrong-headed and unskilful is each of the debaters to his own affairs." The cynical spirit of both these writers discerned the selfishness which pervades the human bosom, though the observed and the observers were placed in circumstances of the most opposite nature.

The late William Hazlitt, a man gifted with great powers of observation and expression, was of opinion that actors and authors were not fitted, generally speaking, to shine in conversation. "Authors ought to be read and not heard;" and as to actors, they could not speak tragedies in the drawing-room, and their wit was likely to be comedy and farce at second-hand. The biography of men of letters in a great measure confirms this opinion: some of the greatest names in English and French literature, men who have filled books with an eloquence and truth that defy oblivion, were mere mutes before their fellow-men. They had golden ingots which, in the privacy of home, they could convert into coin bearing an impress that would insure universal currency; but they could not, on the spur of the moment, produce the farthings current in the market-place. Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher, La Fontaine, celebrated for his witty fables, and Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel the novelist was so dull in society, that his friend said of him, after an interview, "I must go and read his tales, to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him." As to Corneille, the greatest dramatist of France, he was completely lost in society, so absent and embarrassed, that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, implying that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation which, while it sparkles, dies; for Charles II., the wittiest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humour of Hudibras, that he caused himself to be introduced, in the character of a private gentleman, to Butler its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion; and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written such a clever book. Addison, whose classic elegance of style has long been considered the best model for young writers, was shy and absent in society, preserving, even before a single stranger, a stiff and dignified silence. He was accustomed to say that there could be no real conversation but between two persons—friends—and that it was then thinking aloud. Steele, Swift, Pope, and Congreve, men possessing literary and conversational powers of the highest order, allow him to have been a delightful companion amongst intimates; and Young writes of him, that "he was rather mute in society on some occasions, but when he began to be company, he was full of vivacity, and went on in a noble strain of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every one to him." Goldsmith, on the contrary, as described by his contemporary writers, "appeared in company to have no spark of that genius which shone forth so brightly in his works. His address was awkward, his manner uncouth, his language unpolished: he hesitated in speaking, and was always unhappy if the conversation did not turn upon himself." Dr. Johnson spoke of him as an inspired idiot; yet the great essayist, though delivering oracles to those around him in pompous phrases, which have been happily described as spoken in the John-sonese tongue, was not entitled to be called a good converser.

Nearer to our own time we have had many authors whose faculty told twice. Sheridan and Theodore Hook were fellows of infinite jest; they could "set the table in a roar," and fill pages with pathos and wit of such a quality, that it makes their survivors think "we could have better spared better men." Burns was famous for his colloquial powers; and Galt is reported to have been as skilful as the story-tellers of the East in fixing the attention of his auditors on his prolonged narrations. Coleridge was in the habit of pouring forth brilliant, unbroken monologues of two or three hours' duration, to listeners so enchanted, that, like Adam, whose ears were filled with the eloquence of an archangel, they forgot "all place—all seasons and their change;" but this was not conversation, and few might venture to emulate that "old man eloquent" with hopes of equal success. Washington Irving, in the account he has given of his visit to Abbotsford, says of Sir Walter Scott, "that his conversation was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. He never talked for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigour of his imagination. He was as good a listener as a talker; appreciated everything that others said, however humble might be their rank and pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts and opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures, seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot, for a time, his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, and in whose society they had felt so perfectly at their ease."

This is a charming testimony given by one man of genius to the character of another; and if the author of the life of Columbus had been required to point out an example combining conversational qualifications of the best kind, he could not have written more to the purpose. A mind informed by reading—reading confirmed or corrected by daily observation of life—the powers of observation all made subservient to the active spirit of kindness, and the patient abnegation of self, which are the only true and unfailing sources of politeness—these are the requisites to a real success in society, so far, at least, as relates to the every-day intercourse of this every-day-working world; and all of them were evinced in the highest degree by Sir Walter Scott.

CHARLES XII. AND PETER THE GREAT.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

(Translated from Bulgarian's "Vospominaniya," by W. H. Leeds.)

Bulgarin was born in Lithuanian Poland—Russia being only his adoptive country—in 1789, of a noble and very wealthy family, afterwards greatly reduced, in consequence of their taking a share in the political struggles of Kosciuszko, and partly, we suspect, from the prodigal mode of living in which Bulgarin's father indulged. When between nine and ten years old, Thaddeus entered the College of Military Cadets, at St. Petersburg, where he very soon became Russianised; and on quitting that seminary in 1805, he was admitted by the Grand-Duke Constantine into his Ulan regiment, when he saw some active service in the campaigns of the Prussians against the French. On the peace of Tilsit he returned to St. Petersburg, till hostilities broke out between Russia and Sweden, when he joined the expedition sent to Finland against the Swedes. Shortly after his second return to St. Petersburg, he quitted the

Russian service and the country itself, repaired to France, enlisted under Napoleon, and joined the French army in Spain in 1810; of which portion of his military career (not yet reached in his "Reminiscences") he published an interesting narrative in 1823. He next served in the memorable campaigns of 1813 and 1814, when he was taken prisoner by the Prussians but was released. After Napoleon's fall, he fixed himself for a while at Warsaw, where he made some literary attempts in his native language. Fortunately, however, he was obliged to repair to St. Petersburg in order to settle some family business and legal matters, and the renewal of former friendships and connexions induced him to remain there.

From that period dates his literary career, which has certainly been an industrious one, and he may claim the merit of having contributed to create a reading public—that is, readers of Russian books—and to supply the increased demand for works of popular character, and of recreation and amusement in that language. He has, at several times, taken an active part in various literary journals, in which most of the miscellaneous pieces above-mentioned first made their appearance. This much will suffice by way of prefatory note to apprise our readers of the writer and the work from which we offer a *morceau* to them. We leave the sample we have taken to speak for itself; and if our readers should but relish it as well or any thing like as well in the translation, as we ourselves did in the original, it may create in them an appetite for more.

On our route to Minsk we turned off to Rusinowicz, in order to pay a visit to Madame Onukowska, the sister of my father's grandfather. This old lady was not only a very singular person, and what is called "quite a character," but actually a prodigy, a living archive of Polish affairs, public and private, for full a century. Born in 1697, she was at this time exactly one hundred years of age; and I may as well observe here, at once, that she lived on till 1812, when she died in her hundred-and-fifteenth year, and then not so much of extreme old age as of sudden fright, occasioned by a party of Cossacks entering the court-yard of her chateau, in the middle of the night, in a very turbulent manner. Unusually tall in person for a woman, she appeared all the more so owing to her always carrying herself remarkably upright. She managed all her domestic and business affairs herself, wrote all her letters with her own hand, and what is not least of all remarkable, never made use of spectacles. And such was the strength of her constitution, that she had never had any illness or indisposition in the course of her life—at least not such as to be confined to her room by it. Possessing a handsome fortune, and being the widow of a "President" (criminal judge), of Grodsk, Madame Onukowska moved in the higher circles—not, however, that she moved about much herself, for in the course of the last forty years she had been only twice, and that on very urgent business, out of the village where she resided—but she was in the habit of receiving a great deal of company and having guests at home, whom she always entertained very hospitably and pleasantly, though every thing in her establishment was upon a very old-fashioned footing, which last circumstance served rather to attract visitors than the contrary, many being curious to witness a style of living that had become merely traditional, but which was here kept up most scrupulously. The same *archaism* which prevailed throughout the mansion presided over the toilette of its mistress, whose dress had never innovated upon the fashion that prevailed in Poland at the commencement of the eighteenth century, she being invariably attired in a long white caftan or robe either of linen or calico, with flounces to the knees and close sleeves, and with a corsage or stomacher crossed with black ribbons and bows. These last and others of the same colour on her high-crowned cap were the ensigns—and the only ones—of widowhood in her attire, for though her shoes, in which she wore buckles, were also black, they had red heels. She always carried a tall walking-stick with a gold head, representing a figure of the Holy Virgin, which she would kiss—crossing herself at the same time—whenever she met a stranger, or saw any thing to surprise or alarm her.

She had never had but one child, a son, and he, though then no youngster, was literally a spoilt child, if not exactly according to the usual meaning of the term, for she petted him in the most extravagant manner, and her always calling him *moj krol* (my king), obtained for him the *sobriquet* of Krol through the whole province, no very enviable distinction, perhaps, yet if there is anything in being "as happy as a king," Krol was certainly as happy or happier than the then King Stanislaus Augustus. Even royalty has its penalties as well as its prerogatives, and poor Krol paid somewhat dearly, upon the whole, for his title; for, although in other respects a woman of sense, his mother showed herself extraordinarily foolish and weak in regard to him, treating him all his life long as a mere child—her "darling boy." The consequence was that he always remained in a state of boyhood and pupillage, notwithstanding that he was naturally intelligent, besides possessing an amiability of disposition that endeared him to those who were upon a footing of intimacy with the family. Through his mother's absurd fondness, his education had been so totally neglected that he could hardly read and write, she being apprehensive lest any sort of study should injure his health. Even in music he had been his own instructor, learning to play upon the pianoforte entirely by ear, and with such success as to be capable of playing with considerable feeling and expression upon that instrument. Whether it was in his quality of king or not, Krol had a sort of retinue of his own—a set of special attendants, whose duty it was to be always at his command—to wait upon and amuse him. Particular dishes and dainties were also regularly prepared expressly for him every day, and always kept in readiness in order that he might partake of them at whatever hour of the day he might have a fancy for any of them. By way of set-off, perhaps, against this luxurious pampering, he had to submit to a system of physicking which, though she had no taste whatever that way herself, she considered absolutely necessary for the health of her darling Krol; and such was her excessive anxiety for his health, that she would scarcely let him breathe the open air, keeping him almost always within doors lest he should catch cold—so that she made him a "king" only to make him a state-prisoner also. Astonishing! that a woman who was not deficient in sense in all other respects—quite the contrary—should act so preposterously in regard to her son as not only to injure him both physically and intellectually, but also render both him and herself—as far as he was concerned—ridiculous. On one occasion, however, Krol showed that he lacked neither readiness of reply, nor presence of mind. Happening to be on a visit to Prince Karl Radziwil, in the neighbourhood, the king, Stanislaus Augustus, heard so much about this pseudo-king, Krol, that he felt a great curiosity to see him, and proposed, by way of amusement, that an interview should be arranged between him and his "brother monarch." On the royal wish being formally intimated to Madame Onukowska, she sent her son, with a relation of hers to take care of him—it being the very first time she had ever suffered him to go from home, or, I may say, out of her sight,—and dressed and equipped him out so magnificently, that he might have been taken for a real prince. Stanislaus, who easily saw that there was nothing ridiculous in the poor fellow

himself, and that he was to be pitied as the victim of his mother's absurdity, received him very affably, saying,

"I may welcome you, sir, I suppose, as my equal."

"Not so, your majesty," replied Onukowska, "we are not equal now. Equals we once were, when you were a private noble and a subject, and death will render us equals again; but in the meanwhile, you reign over Poland, and I, sire, reign only in my mother's heart."

Such a happy answer, at once so noble and so graceful, excited, as well it might, the astonishment and admiration of all present, and proves what Krol might have been, had his natural abilities been cultivated instead of being stifled and crushed under the load of maternal fondness and folly!

Madame Onukowska herself was gifted with a most extraordinary memory, and was able, even when a centenarian, to recollect vividly and distinctly not only important but even trivial events, and that in all their details. She was between eleven and twelve years of age when Charles XII. of Sweden, on his march from Smorgovio to Borisow, took up his quarters for some days at her father's house, and I heard from her many curious particulars respecting that celebrated man, which she related as if she had but just before seen him, and which I here give as I heard them from her, though I do not pretend to repeat her exact words.

"As soon as my parents," said Madame Onukowska, "learnt for certain that the Swedish army was advancing towards Russia, they determined upon packing up and sending away all their valuables and leaving their home, as their residence lay on the high road to Borisow, and they knew that if they remained they should be pillaged and plundered by the Swedes, who called themselves our protectors and friends, but against whom it was necessary for us to protect ourselves. Both then and since, Poland has suffered no little from such friends and such friendship! All our most valuable moveables were already packed up and put into waggons, and we were only waiting to be apprised of the approach of the Swedes, and then take our departure for a place of refuge, leaving the house and other property to the mercy of our unwelcome visitors, when an express arrived to inform us that Charles XII. intended to take up his quarters under our roof."

"If so," said my father, "there is no occasion for us to go and look out for quarters ourselves elsewhere, since the king will not plunder us; on the contrary, his presence will be our defence."

"Accordingly the labour of packing up was changed into the more agreeable bustle of unpacking again, and making all suitable preparation that time would permit for the reception of so illustrious a visitor. The velvet and damask hangings were put up, and the furniture replaced in the best rooms, which were got into decent trim; our provision-stores were replenished, and we awaited the arrival of our self-invited guests very anxiously, if not very eagerly. At length we were informed that they were nearly at hand, and towards evening a party of twenty-four horsemen made their appearance, commanded by an officer, who, having stationed two of them as sentinels at the gate, ordered a large yellow flag with the arms of Sweden to be hoisted on the top of it, as a signal of the royal lodging-place. Though rooms had been got ready in a wing of the house for the soldiers and officers, they did not choose to take possession of them, preferring to remain in the open air all night around a fire in the courtyard, where their horses stood with their saddles on, notwithstanding it was the middle of March, and the nights were still exceedingly cold, that winter being a long and severe one. All night long we could hear signals made from time to time, and a great deal of galloping about, both near the house and on the high road; and there was so much noise besides that none of us could get any sleep. Soon after daybreak the Swedish army marched by, and the drums beat a salute in honour of the royal standard. Two regiments of infantry and several squadrons of cavalry encamped themselves behind our barn, which their officers took possession of as their own quarters. My mother, myself, and my two sisters got up and dressed ourselves, not in morning costume but in our grandest trim, and my father put on his state wig and suit; after which we all stationed ourselves at the windows, watching for the approach of the king in order that he might be ready to receive him at the step of the door on his arrival. About noon, two officers, attended by only a single soldier, rode up."

"Is it possible," said my father, "that these can be any of the king's aides-de-camp, for their dress does not denote any great quality?"

"The officers alighted, entered the house, and having passed through the ante-chamber, were met in the next room by our *marszałek* (major-domo), while we were still all standing in the dining-room keeping watch there at the windows, which looked into the court-yard. Informed by the *marszałek* that the officers inquired for the master of the house, he went to them, and we followed having stationed a servant at the window to apprise us as soon as the king should appear."

"Addressing my father in German, the younger of the two officers politely inquired,

"Are you the master of this house?"

"At your service," replied my father.

"Then as the king is quartered here, have the kindness to show me which are his rooms."

"All the rooms—my whole house is at his majesty's service."

"One room will content him; only he will require two or three more for his secretary and a couple of adjutants."

"Then make choice yourself of whatever apartments you please. But allow me to ask, when his majesty is likely to be here, for we must be at the door to receive him when he comes."

"You have received him already," said the stranger, with a smile, "and much more agreeable both for yourselves and for him, than it would have been to have done so with ceremony. I am the king."

"We all felt thunderstruck! and my father was so confounded, that he could not utter a word of apology for his mistake, but could only keep bowing, as he ushered the king into our best reception-rooms."

"I fancy I can still see before me that renowned and terrible Charles of Sweden, about whom so many books have been written. For three whole days, I may say, did I look my fill of him; and believe me, though his name carried terror with it everywhere, he himself appeared mild as a lamb, and meek as a nun. In person he was rather tall, thin, and of sunburnt complexion, with a face that looked very small in proportion to the rest of the body, and even to the head itself. He certainly was far from handsome, although he might be called tolerable good looking, notwithstanding he was pitted with the small pox. His eyes were remarkably piercing, shining like diamonds. At that time it was the fashion for all who wore the German or English costume, to cover their heads with enormous perukes, a mode that appeared equally inconvenient and ridiculous to us Poles; but Charles wore his own hair, which was of a chestnut colour, cut short, turned back from the forehead, tied up behind in a small queue, and slightly powdered. He was young-looking (at that time in his twenty-sixth

year), and attired in his invariable costume, a blue military coat, with yellow facings and a red collar, yellow chamois breeches, and enormous boots with very long spurs. His long leather gloves, reaching almost up to his elbows, were in size a match for his boots, and the one and the other caused the respective limbs to look as if they had belonged to some Goliath; 'an idea,' observed the old lady, 'that hugely diverted us girls.' His hat, on the contrary, was remarkably small, and was merely cocked up, without any trimming or lace upon it, nor, indeed, was any thing of the kind on any part of his dress. Our father would afterwards often remind us of Charles's simplicity in dress, observing that he needed no distinction of the king, he being himself a really great man—one whose greatness was like that of our Jan Sobieski and Stephen Batori. In fact, my father, who was not at all well disposed towards the Germans, felt greatly prepossessed in favour of Charles XII., on account of his having driven Augustus II. from Poland, and placed Stanislaus Leszczynski upon the throne.

'Within an hour after the king, came his secretary or minister, Count Piper, with two adjutants, and an interpreter, by whose assistance my mother inquired of Charles's valet, what were his majesty's favourite dishes.

'Any kind of roast meat,' was the reply, 'pork and game: among vegetables, spinach is that which he most prefers; and for spices, pepper and rue. Garden fruit, at present, there is none; but if you have any lemons, let them be on the table by all means, as the king is exceedingly fond of them.'

'And what sort of wine does he prefer?' inquired my mother.

'None at all: he never touches a drop; but drinks only water.'

'The next point to be ascertained was, for how many persons the king's table ought to be laid: upon which the valet went and inquired of the king himself, and returned with the answer that his majesty would dine with the family. This intelligence delighted us all; the only drawback upon our satisfaction being, that my two brothers, who were then at school at Wilna, could not participate in the honour of dining with royalty. For my part, I kept my eyes upon the king almost during the whole time of dinner. He ate, I observed, with an exceedingly good appetite, and seemed to relish very much a boar's head in jelly. He seemed to have a great liking for fat, and ate a great deal of bread with everything he partook of. During dinner, he made many inquiries of my father as to the country and its condition; and assured him that the war would speedily be terminated, and that he should enable Stanislaus Leszczynski to repair all the misfortunes which Poland had suffered.

'There were at table three generals, who had come before dinner to speak to the king, and whom my father invited to remain. These, and the other Swedes, did not show themselves to be any great courtiers; for, instead of affecting to follow the temperate example of their royal master, they drank very freely of wine, without suffering his presence to be any check upon them. Charles himself, however, touched none, but drank only water, chewing bread all the while. He took very little notice of any one; nor did he address a single word to any of us females, except once, when he complimented my mother on her skill in keeping fruit, on understanding that some apples at the dessert had come from our own garden.

'The next day, my mother learned from the valet, that the king had been exceedingly well satisfied with every thing; but requested that there might be only four dishes at table, and that dinner should last only a quarter of an hour. For supper, the king took only a glass of new milk, into which he put salt!—and that strange mixture, and a huge piece of bread, constituted his evening repast. During the whole of the mornings he was entirely occupied with papers and matters of business; and we learned that it was for the purpose of attending to these, and despatching couriers to Sweden, that the king stopped at our house, where he intended to remain only three days. On departing, he presented my father with a gold snuff-box, with his cypher in brilliants, and further, ordered all that had been consumed by his people and horses to be paid for. However well meant, this rather offended than pleased my father, who said to the adjutant commissioned to pay him, 'I am not an inn-keeper, sir, but a Polish noble (*szlachcic*); I am not an army-contractor and dealer in stores, therefore am already repaid by having had his majesty as my guest.' When we afterwards learned the event of the battle of Pultowa, we sincerely sympathised with Charles, still hoping, however, that his fortunes would mend; but on the intelligence of his death reaching us, we all of us wept.

'I can boast, also,' continued Madame Onukowska, of having seen another very great and world-renowned man—the rival of the unfortunate Charles—the Tzar, Peter of Russia. It was in the year 1711, and in the same season of the year, namely, the middle of March. The Russian commander, Field-marshal Sheremetev, being stationed at Sluck, my father went thither, taking all of us along with him, for the purpose of soliciting promise of security and protection against his Cossacks, Bashkirs, and Calmucks, who committed dreadful pillagings in every place they passed through, just as if they were in an enemy's country. It was reported that Peter himself and his consort—then first of all styled tsaritz, or empress—would be at Sluck. The new empress was said to be of Polish origin, the descendant of a noble Polish family which had settled in Liefland, in the time of Sigismund, and had afterwards fallen into poverty. Our Polish ladies felt, therefore, a very strong curiosity to behold her, and accordingly prevailed upon their husbands to get up a festival in honour of the royal visitors. A very spacious room, in the Radziwil porcelain manufactory, was fitted up for the occasion, and all other requisite preparations made for a grand entertainment, to which the tzar and his consort came, attended by his generals and other officers. Peter, who was almost a giant in stature, looked much younger than he really was (he was then forty years of age,) had remarkably black moustaches, a keen, eagle-eyed glance, and might be considered handsome, had it not been for the large peruke he wore, which certainly did not set off his face to advantage. He was dressed in a blue uniform, and comported himself in a very free and unrestrained manner, talking in a very loud voice, and joking and laughing, in defiance of all etiquette. What struck me not a little was, that, like that of his rival, Charles of Sweden, Peter's face was remarkably small in proportion to his limbs and person. The empress was a fine looking woman, with dark black eyes, and beautiful shoulders of the most dazzling whiteness. She wore a dress of white satin, with a bodice of crimson velvet, and a sort of scarf; and had an abundance of jewels and pearls. Her hair was powdered, and on the top of it was a small tiara, or coronet of diamonds. She spoke Polish admirably, though she mixed with it a good many Russian words; and could also speak German with tolerable fluency. In the course of the evening, the tzar came up to me, and began to compliment me (somewhat *a la militaire*) on my tallness, inquiring my age, and saying, that if I felt disposed for matrimony, he would find me a very proper fellow for a husband; and beckoning to one of his grenadier officers, nearly as tall as himself, he introduced him to me. Humouring his pleasantry, I replied that, being tall myself, I could be content with a little husband.—'In order, I suppose,' said Peter, 'that you may have the upperhand of him. Ah! you Polish women!' And with that he left me. Both he and his consort danced several dances, and stayed to supper, when

he drank wine out of a large goblet, and gave as one toast, the 'health of Augustus II., and the prosperity of Poland,' to which he declared himself a well-wisher. The Polish ladies he certainly did seem to be taken with, if I might judge from his familiarity towards them. He was greatly amused by the sally of one Polish noble, who, on the tzar's health being drank, said that 'should there ever be an election for a King of Poland in his time, he should give his vote for Peter of Russia.'

Peter himself acquired considerable popularity in Poland, which is more than can be said of his favourite, Prince Menshikov, who was accused, among other acts of extortion, of having seized upon all the jewels of Madame Oginski, the aunt of the Oginski who was one of Peter's staunchest adherents, and served under him in the war against Sweden. The tzar, however, interfered, and Menshikov was ultimately obliged to give up his plunder.

Peter and his consort stayed five days at Sluck, and I saw them every day, either in the street or at the house of Jan Chlevenski. On the first time of his meeting me after the ball, the tzar recognised me again, and repeating his joke, said he was 'determined to make a *grenadieress* of me.' After all, however, in spite of his affability, I admired him less than I did the quiet and cogitative Charles of Sweden.

Though Peter the Great did not carry into effect his threat of making a '*Grenadieress*' of my great-great-aunt, the old lady kept up a system of subordination and discipline in her establishment, that would have done honour to the army. She had already been exceedingly fond of embroidery and tambour-work, and being now past applying to it herself, she spent a great part of her time in superintending a sort of manufactory of it in her own house, where upwards of a score of orphan girls and other females were employed every day in working carpets and hangings. The walls and furniture in almost every room were covered with their labours, and some of their performances were scarcely inferior to the finest Gobelins tapestry. This hobby of the old dame's was rather an expensive one; for, as she scorned to sell any of her stock, it only enabled her to display her liberality, by making ample presents of carpets and hangings to her relations and her acquaintance, or sometimes even to strangers, as she once did to the King of Poland, sending him some of the choicest specimens of her manufacture, which were greatly admired by connoisseurs in such matters, for she spared no expense in obtaining the best designs from artists. Some of the larger pieces of hangings represented battles and hunting-subjects, in which the figures were as large as life. The rich and massive, though antiquated furniture, harmonised admirably with the prodigal array of loom-work throughout the house; and the family crest and armorial bearings were lavished as profusely on the various articles of furniture, besides being carved over doors and windows, and upon stoves and chimney-pieces. In one of the rooms, which served as a portrait-gallery, was a collection of likenesses of our ancestors from the sixteenth century. In short, the mansion itself, as well as its mistress, might fairly be called 'historical,' it being so replete with memorials and traditions, that, did Lithuania possess a Sir Walter Scott, Rusinowicz and its *chateau* would most assuredly figure in an historical romance.

THE TRAVELLER'S TOUR.—No. II.

Our former letter was written from Prince Edward Island, having just arrived there, after an absence of nine years; and while during that period, entire communities, towns, and even cities, have sprung up in the United States, the improvement here does not bear the same proportion even inversely, as the wear and tear of the buildings and constitutions of the inhabitants of the place. It is true, another wharf had been built—making two in the capital of the Island; a colonial building of respectable appearance is in course of erection, and an Episcopal Church then just commenced, has been completed; but there had been no other improvement that is worthy of note. The streets, except on market days, still present the same listless and inanimate appearance, every where too perceptible in the colonies; there is the same universal and sickening complaints of dull times and general poverty, and of inability to advance the real interests of the community. Still there is really much commercial activity in the community; the merchants and others engaged in business, possess intelligence, and it is carried on to a considerable extent, in a quiet and unobtrusive manner. But the fisheries are neglected, and the ruinous pursuit of ship-building, however flattering and profitable it may seem, is in reality shedding a baleful influence throughout the colony.

Before quitting this romantic and delightful Island, we shall give a brief sketch of its history; which will not, we trust, be unacceptable to our readers. The island of Prince Edward, formerly called St. John, originally formed part of Nova Scotia; and in 1664 grants were issued under the great seal of the Province, to a number of persons, who agreed to settle the lands with foreign Protestants, within ten years, at the rate of one person to every two hundred acres, and to pay to the government an annual quitrent. There were sixty-seven lots of land laid out in townships, comprising 20,000 acres each, which were all granted in England, it is said, in one day, to favourites there. Subsequently, in consequence of a memorial on the part of the grantees, the Island was separated from Nova Scotia; they agreeing to defray the expenses of government for ten years, by means of quit rents, new grants to be issued, and the second moiety of the payment to be liquidated in twenty years.

At the close of the American war for independence, a number of refugees arrived from that country, who, finding that the grantees of the public lands had not complied with the conditions upon which they had attained them, settled thereon without the form of ejectment, as was the case in New Brunswick with the same description of persons; with this exception, however, that those who were in this way expelled in that Province, were a class of industrious people, still designated 'the old settlers,' who had improved an ungranted wilderness country; but who were driven from the homes they had created with great toil and labour by flocks of refugees, against whom a rancorous feeling prevails to the present day among the few who remain, and also among their descendants.]

But to return; the original holders of land under the Crown, on the island, have since held on by the property thus acquired; and at different times have introduced into the colony poor but industrious settlers, who have in most cases become lessees of land, for which they pay a rent equal to simple interest upon the wilderness tracts which they undertake to clear, which are valued at twenty

shillings per acre, and the rents are collected by agents who reside on the island. This state of things has produced repeated and well founded complaints; and attempts have been made to pass an ejectment law, by which the lands would revert to the Crown; but which the proprietors in England have caused to be rejected, when sent home for the assent of the Sovereign.

The tenants having to pay this rent, trifling as it may seem, is a serious bar to the agricultural advancement of the colony; although the number of new houses that we noticed as being in the course of erection, in lieu of the old and dilapidated tenements which the first settlers occupied, affords ample evidence of the natural capabilities of the soil, and is an earnest of the scenes of contentment and happiness that would everywhere present themselves under more favourable circumstances.

Not only is the tenure by which land is generally held a serious drawback upon the industry of the holder, but it has had a tendency to retard and check that tide of emigration which has so much benefited the neighbouring island of Cape Breton, as it would appear from a census taken in 1841; that of 47,000 inhabitants, 31,000 were natives of the island. Of the population at that time, there were 20,000 Catholics, 15,000 Presbyterians, nearly 6000 members of the Church of England, 3,500 Methodists, and 772 Baptists. Of one million three hundred and forty thousand acres of land, which the island was estimated to contain, there were in 1841 but 141,000 of arable land, producing that year 153,439 bushels of wheat, 83,299 bushels of barley, 611,824 of oats, and 2,350,114 of potatoes, with an abundant supply of cattle and neat stock.

Besides the disadvantages to which we have referred of a pecuniary nature, there are constant bickerings between the legislature and the Governor; and instead of lending their efforts for the promotion of the true interests of the colony, they are engaged in everlasting disputes and complaints, the cause of which would vanish before that general prosperity, to which the colony might attain, if the people were really independent and intelligent.

After a stay of eight or ten days we left Charlottetown, retraced our steps to Redouque, and after a fine run of eight or ten hours, again found ourselves at Shediac. The morning when we landed was wet, and the passengers, among whom were several females, were compelled to wade through the mud a distance probably of a mile to the village, and get their baggage to the inn the best way they could, there being no carriage or vehicle in attendance. One of the principal advantages of travelling in the British Provinces being, that people will learn to put up with many discomforts not dreamt of in the United States, and to fall back upon the resources of their own minds, for the purpose of helping themselves.

M. ARAGO.

Of all scientific men now living, there is none whose fame is so universally diffused, and whose authority is so often invoked as M. Arago. The squatter on the banks of the Mississippi is as familiar with his name as the dweller of the Quai Voltaire. His dicta are as often quoted in the Delta of the Ganges, as in the city washed by the Thames; and this reputation is not among the followers of science, or even its would-be votaries. It is strictly popular. All who look forward to a coming eclipse, or an approaching comet—all who endeavour to prognosticate the vicissitudes of weather, and look for the lunar phases—all who are exposed to the visitations of the hurricane, or endeavour to avert the falling thunderbolt—all appeal to the name of Arago: rightly or wrongly, they quote his supposed or imputed predictions, and profess to pin their faith on his oracular voice. In short, there is no savant living whose name is at once so universally known, and whose authority is so universally popular as M. Arago.

But what says the august scientific conclave itself to this? What is the verdict of academies, and institutes, and learned societies where the equals of M. Arago sit in judgment? How does their estimate of the perpetual secretary of the Institute accord with this popular exaltation? In general, the great public, little capable of gauging the merits or measuring the authority of philosophers, takes its cue from the community of science itself, and the reputation of savans issues, ready formed, from the halls of those societies, whose members alone can be considered competent to form a correct judgment of their high merits and attainments. But the present case is a singular exception. Here the public has decided for itself, and not only passed an independent sentence, but one which is by no means in accordance with the opinions of the sages of the College Mazarin or Somerset House. The popular supremacy of the director of the *Observatoire* is not confirmed by the voice of his colleagues. The incense offered at the shrine of the genius of Arago by the profane crowd of the uninitiated has had the effect of all praise which is immeasurably in excess; it has provoked opposition and reaction. The attempt to assign to M. Arago a niche in the temple beside the high notabilities, and to place him in juxta position with the Newtons, the Laplaces, the Lavoisiers, and the Davys, is treated with contemptuous ridicule; and among the inferior crowd of the professors, the terms "charlatan" and "humbug" are not unfrequently heard in association with the name of this popular scientific idol.

The cause of this singular discordance of judgment will be found in a due examination of the things which M. Arago has said, the things which he has done, and the things which he has written; for, unlike most savants, M. Arago has not been merely a man of the closet—he has been eminently a man of action. In the political changes which have agitated his country, he has taken a prominent part, and the philosopher has often been forgotten in the politician, the legislator, and even the citizen-soldier. If we would, then, form a just estimate of the character of this distinguished man, free alike from the depreciating spirit of some of his rivals, and the preposterously exaggerated eulogy of some of his crowd of partisans, we must take a glance at the circumstances of his life.

M. Arago is now in his sixtieth year, having been born in 1786. His native place, Perpignan, on the confines of Spain, and the shores of the Mediterranean, raises the expectation of that ardour of character and force of will which have been so strikingly manifested in the career of this remarkable person. It has been said that his boyhood offered a curious contrast with his subsequent distinction, inasmuch as he showed singular sluggishness in his intellectual progress, having attained the age of fourteen before he could read. This tale is however, destitute of truth. The father of M. Arago held a situation under

government, at Perpignan, and devoted more than usual care to his advancement, he being the eldest of the family, and the person on whom must devolve many cares and responsibilities. He made the usual progress, during his boyhood, at the College of Perpignan, from which, at a very early age, he was transferred to Montpellier, to prosecute those higher studies necessary to qualify him for admission into the Polytechnic School, an institution which had its origin in the confusion of the Revolution, and has since become so justly celebrated. He was admitted, in 1804, into that establishment, where he passed two years, during which he became one of its most distinguished students. His surviving contemporaries remember how well and how often, during his pupilage, he fulfilled the duties of *repetiteur*, in such a manner as to make them forget for the moment that their teacher was their competitor.

Some time after completing his course of studies at this institution, he was appointed by Napoleon (then emperor) to the office of secretary to the Board of Longitude. But about this time, the grand operations which had been for sometime previously in progress for measuring the arc of the meridian between Dunkirk and Barcelona, required that the course of observations should be carried across the Pyrenees, and conducted through Spain. Arago was selected as the assistant of Biot, to prosecute this investigation, which, independently of its importance as a question of physical science, was regarded with much interest, as affording the basis of the decimal system of weights and measures, which was about to be adopted, and is now in general use in France. As this appointment led to adventures, in which the personal character of the philosopher was developed, we shall offer no apology for narrating them with some detail.

M. M. Delambre and Mechain, profiting by the admirable means of observation afforded by the repeating circle of Borda, had already carried the chain of triangles from Dunkirk, through France, to the Spanish frontiers. Although the original design contemplated their termination at Barcelona, on the shores of the Mediterranean, it was now decided to continue them over that sea as far as the Balearic Isles, and it was more especially for this object that the commission of MM. Biot and Arago, was issued. The Spanish Government nominated two commissioners, MM. Chaix and Rodriguez, to cooperate with the two French savans. A Spanish vessel of war was placed at the disposition of the commission, to which, as science knows no enemy, Britain granted a safe conduct.

The first proceeding was to connect the coast of Spain with the island of Yvice, the nearest of the group, by an extensive triangle, one of the sides of which measured an hundred and twenty miles, and the base about an hundred miles. To render observations possible at such distances, stations of considerable elevation were necessary. The French commissioners selected for this purpose the summit of one of the highest mountains near the coast of Catalonia, while M. Rodriguez, the Spanish observer, placed his station on the summit of Mount Campney on the Island of Yvice. In those mountainous and wild solitudes, MM. Biot and Arago passed several months, pursuing their laborious researches with that ardour which has so strongly characterised the whole career of the latter. M. Biot has not failed, in his report of these operations, to do justice to his distinguished friend and colleague.

"Often," says he, "when the furious storms of these tempestuous regions have swept away our tents, and overthrown our instruments, has M. Arago with indefatigable constancy and patience, laboured to collect and replace them, and never allowed himself to rest night or day until his task was completed."

In April, 1807, the principal observations having been made, M. Biot departed for Paris, to make those calculations upon the data thus obtained, which were necessary to attain the final result, viz. the length of the meridional arc. Arago remained for the purpose of prosecuting the observations necessary to continue the chain of triangles to Majorca. For this purpose, he sailed in company with M. Rodriguez to that island, where they fixed their station on Mount Galatzo, from which they were enabled to observe the signals on Mount Campney in Yvice, and thus to obtain the means of measuring the meridional arc between these two stations. While these proceedings were in progress, war broke out unexpectedly between France and Spain, and while the French savant was pursuing his peaceful labours in the mountainous wilds of the island, reports were spread among the rural population, that the signal fires which were exhibited nightly at the station on Mount Galatzo, for the purposes of the scientific observations, were in fact shown as signals to the French to invade the island. The incensed peasantry flew to arms, and rushed up the mountain, crying "death to the foreigner." M. Arago had only time to disguise himself in the garb of a peasant, supplied to him by one of his assistants, and collect the papers which contained the precious notes of his observations. Thus disguised, and happily fluent in the Spanish *patois* of Catalonia, he mingled fearlessly with the crowd who were in pursuit of him, and escaped to Palma, the port of the island, where the vessel was moored, in which he had arrived. More solicitous for the preservation of the instruments which had been left at the observatory on the mountain, than for his own personal safety, he induced the commander of the vessel to despatch a boat for them, by which they were obtained and brought in safety to the vessel. The Majorcan peasants who had been engaged in his service, had become attached to him, and, remaining faithful, preserved religiously what they knew their master had so highly prized.

Meanwhile the exasperated mob having discovered that the object of their pursuit had taken refuge on board the vessel, the captain did not dare to defend him, and determined on shutting him up in the fort of Belver, where, during a confinement of several months, he occupied himself in the calculations consequent on the observations made at Galatzo. During this time the monks of a neighbouring convent, who entertained a feeling of rancorous hostility against the French, omitted no effort to corrupt the soldiers, and induce them to surrender their prisoner to the fury of the populace. To the credit of the garrison of the little fort, these attempts were without effect; and at length, by the persevering solicitations of M. Rodriguez with the governing Junta, Arago obtained his liberty, and was permitted to depart in a fishing-smack manned by a single seaman. In this he crossed to the African coast, and landed with his baggage and astronomical instruments at Algiers.

Here the philosopher was cordially received by the French consul, who immediately procured for him a passage on board an Algerine frigate, bound for Marseilles. The vessel had already neared the French coast, and was in sight of the heights at Marseilles, when she encountered a Spanish corsair, then cruising in these seas, by whom she was captured. Once more a prisoner, Arago was now conducted to Fort Rosas, where he was subjected to the harshest treatment, and given up to all the wretchedness of the rudest captivity. The Dey of Algiers, however, was no sooner informed of the insult offered to his flag, than he made the most energetic remonstrances to the Spanish Junta, and finally succeeded in obtaining the release of the captive crew, and with them M. Arago. Once more at sea, the frigate resumed her course to Marseilles, but the misfortunes of the *savant* were not destined so soon to terminate. A frightful tempest

occurred off the coast of Sardinia, with which state the Algerines were then at war. To run ashore in this extremity would have been once more to rush into captivity. Meanwhile a new misfortune came: a leak was declared, and the vessel was fast gaining water. In this emergency it was decided to run her again on the African coast, and, in a sinking state, she succeeded in reaching Bougie, three days' journey from Algiers.

On coming ashore, Arago had the mortification to learn that, in the interim, the dey, who had given him so kind a reception, had been assassinated in an emeute, and was replaced by another. His cases of instruments were seized by the Algerine authorities at Bougie, under the persuasion that they contained gold. After many fruitless remonstrances, Arago was driven to the decision to undertake the journey to Algiers, to invoke the aid and interference of the new dey. Disguising himself as a Bedouin, he accordingly set out on foot, with a Marabout guide, and, crossing Mount Atlas, reached Algiers. Here further misfortunes awaited him. In answer to his supplications the dey ordered his name to be registered among the slaves, and placed him in the situation of interpreter in the Algerine navy.

After a time, however, by the intercession and remonstrance of the French consul, Arago once more recovered his liberty, and his instruments were restored to him uninjured. He now embarked for the third time for his native shores, on board a vessel of war. On arriving off Marseilles, fate again seemed adverse: an English frigate blockaded the harbour, and summoning the vessel bearing our astronomer, ordered it to sail for Minorca. Arago having little relish, as may be well imagined, for a fourth captivity, persuaded the captain to make a feint of obeying the injunctions of the British commander, but profiting by a sudden and favourable turn of the wind, to run, at all hazards, for the harbour of Marseilles, where fortunately they arrived without further mishap or molestation.

It may be easily imagined that on arriving at Paris, M. Arago met with a cordial reception from his scientific colleagues. As a recompense for the long sufferings and intrepid conduct of the young savant, the rules of the Academy of Sciences were relaxed, and at twenty-three he was received into the bosom of the Institute, and was at the same time appointed by the emperor Professor in the Polytechnic School, where he continued his courses on analysis and geodesy until 1831. At the moment of the election of Arago, the Institute was in the meridian of its splendour. There sat the great luminaries of the severe sciences; the illustrious author of the "Mecanique Celeste" and the not less eminent writer of the "Mecanique Analytique." There also sat the Monges and the Berthollets, the Biots, and the other eminent veterans of science; and around them pressed names whose lustre was then but in the dawn of its future splendour; the Cuviers, the Poissons, the Amperes, and a crowd of others. Among these, the enterprising youth of Arago assumed its place full of hope and buoyant with aspirations of a future not unworthy of the glorious fraternity with which he became associated.

It is said that Napoleon esteemed and loved Arago, a sentiment which was not extinguished or abated by the southern bluntness and republican frankness of manner which no imperial splendour or court ceremony could repress. When the emperor, after his fall at Waterloo, designed a retirement to the United States, intending to devote his leisure to the cultivation of physical science, to which, from his boyhood he had been attached, he proposed to invite Arago to accompany him.

From an early period of life, Arago was an ardent politician, and after the fall of Napoleon, never disguised his republican principles. Under the restoration, however, he took no active part in the political arena, although he omitted no opportunity of making his opinions known when their promulgation might have advanced the cause of constitutional liberty. Publicly, however, he was only known as a savant and an active and distinguished member of the Institute, until the Revolution of 1830 called him forth in another and very different character.

On the 24th of July, 1830, a meeting of the Institute was appointed, at which M. Arago was expected to read his Eloge of Fresnel. He had then acquired much of that popularity by his enviable faculty of rendering science familiar and accessible to those who had not become profoundly versed in its technicalities, which now constitutes the most striking feature of his genius. A large assemblage of all classes of well-informed and enlightened persons were therefore collected to hear the popular eulogist. On that afternoon, the ordonnances which destroyed the liberty of the press, annihilated the electoral rights, and annulled the charter granted by Louis XVIII. at the restoration, were published in the *Moniteur*. Arago was standing in the ante-room, conversing with Cuvier, who was then perpetual secretary, when the Duke of Ragusa (Marshal Marmont) entered with the *Moniteur* in his hand, and in a state of great excitement, with fire in his eye and confusion in his looks. "Tis well," exclaimed Marmont, addressing Arago, "these infernal ordonnances have appeared at last. I expected as much. The wretches! to place me in this horrible position! No doubt, I shall now be commanded to draw the sword to sustain measures which in my heart I detest."

The *Moniteur* was handed round, and the announcement it contained had such an overwhelming effect on the assembly, that Arago declared he would postpone the delivery of his eulogium, assigning as his reason the grave condition of the country. M. Cuvier, however, who partook of little of the ardour of Arago's temperament, remonstrated against any derangement of the business of the Academy, observing that the majesty of science should not be compromised in what he called the struggles of party, and that Arago owed it equally to the illustrious body of which he was a member, and to himself, not to give grounds for charging its meetings with the manifestation of any factious political spirit. Upon this M. Villemain intervened, and some warm altercation took place between him and Cuvier. Ultimately, however, Arago decided on proceeding with the eulogium, with which, however, he intermingled some burning allusions to the events of the moment and the government, which drew from the assembly unequivocal marks of sympathy. This was the first outbreak of public feeling produced by the ordonnances.

While the words of Arago elicited applause at the Institute the funds declined at the Bourse. Science and finance—the noblest and the vilest of the instruments of human power, pronounced against the falling dynasty.

During the next day, the public mind in Paris was in a ferment. The tricolor flag was unfurled. The revolution declared itself; and on the succeeding day (the 28th), Marmont, as he anticipated was appointed military dictator by Charles X., and ordered to quell the *emeute*. During the day, the conflict between the troops and the people continued; Marmont directing the movement of the troops from the head quarters in the Place Vendôme. Madame de Boignes, knowing the influence which Arago had over the mind of Marmont, sent a note to the former, in the course of the morning, entreating him to repair to the marshal, and persuade him to suspend the slaughter of the people, and so save Paris from the terrible disaster which threatened it. Arago hesitated at first, fearing the misconstruction which might be put upon such a step, taken

by one whose republican spirit was so well known. He determined, however, to comply with the suggestion thus urged upon him in the interests of humanity, and that no sinister imputation should rest upon him, he called his eldest son to accompany him, and be a witness of what should pass. They proceeded accordingly, and passing through a shower of balls, arrived at the head quarters. There a strange scene was presented to them. On passing through the billiard room, M. Laurentie was leaning on the table, writing an article for the *Quotidienne*, one of the Carlist journals. Confusion reigned through the building. Aides-de-camp passed and re-passed, pale, disordered, and covered with sweat and dust. From the room of the marshal despatches issued from minute to minute. A thousand rumours were brought from the streets, and the increasing reports of fire arms were heard. The superior officers standing in the embrasures of the windows, witnessed the turns of the day with attentive ear and changing features.

When M. Arago entered, presenting his well-known colossal figure, his commanding bust, and ardent look, there was a movement of agitation among the royalist officers. He was surrounded and addressed with expressions of fear by some, of menace by others. A Polish officer in the French service, M. Komierowski, placed himself at his side, and declared that if a hand were raised against him, he would plunge his sabre in the bosom of him who should attempt such a violation of a person so sacred! Conducted to the presence of Marmont, the marshal on seeing him, started on his feet, extending his arm to forbid his approach. "Make no overtures to me," he exclaimed, "which can tend to my dishonour as a soldier."

"What I come to propose to you," replied Arago, "will, on the contrary, redound to your honour. I do not ask you to turn your sword against Charles X., but I tell you to decline this odious command, and leave instantly for St. Cloud, to surrender your commission."

"How!" returned Marmont, "shall I abandon the command which the king has entrusted to me? Shall I, a soldier, yield to a band of insurgents? What will Europe say to see our brave soldiers retreat before a mob armed only with sticks and stones? Impossible!—impossible! It cannot be. You know my opinions well. You know whether these cursed ordonnances had my approval. No, my friend, a horrible fatality weighs upon me. My destiny must be accomplished."

"You may successfully combat this fatality," replied Arago, "means are offered to you to efface from the memory of your countrymen the recollection of the invasion of 1814. Depart—depart, without delay, for St. Cloud."

Arago referred to the long and bitterly-remembered conduct of Marmont, in being the means of surrendering Paris to the enemy, on the first invasion by the allies.

At this moment their conference was interrupted by an officer, who rushed in with disordered looks, stripped of his coat, and wearing the common round hat of a civilian. The attendants alarmed, were about to seize him, when he exclaimed, throwing off the hat, "You do not recognize me, then? Behold the aid-de-camp of General Quinsonnas." He had cut off his moustachios, thrown off his coat, and changed his hat, to enable him to make his way in safety through the excited populace to the head-quarters. He came to announce that the troops posted in the Market of Innocents had already suffered much, and that a reinforcement was necessary.

"But have they not cannon?" thundered the astonished marshal.

"Cannon!" returned the aid-de-camp, "but how, Monsieur le Due, can they point cannon in the air? What can cannon do against a torrent of paving stones and household furniture which are poured down on the heads of the soldiers from the windows and roofs?"

Scarcely had he uttered this, when a lancer entered, who had been unhorsed in the Rue St. Honore. This wretched soldier had his uniform torn and covered with blood. His open jacket showed his naked breast, in which a handful of printers' types was buried—the loading of a gun which had been fired upon him! By a singular retribution, the implements, the proper use of which had been destroyed by the ordonnances, were thus converted into offensive engines directed against the agents employed to enforce these ordonnances.

The Marshal paced the room with hasty and agitated steps, his internal struggles being manifested in his visage. "Reinforcements!" said he with impatience to the aid-de-camp—"I have no reinforcements to send them. They must get out of the scrape as best they can."

The officer departed with despair in his looks. Arago resumed his persuasions.

"Well, well," said Marmont, "we shall see—perhaps in the evening—"

"In the evening," rejoined Arago. "In the evening it will be too late. Think how many mothers will be left childless, how many wives widows—how many thousand families will be plunged in mourning before evening! This evening, depend upon it, all will be over, and whatever be the issue of the struggle, ruin, inevitable ruin awaits you. Vanquished, your destruction is sure. A conqueror who will pardon you for the blood of your fellow citizens which will have been shed!"

Marmont was moved, and seemed to yield.

"Must I say more," continued Arago, "must I tell you all. As I passed through the streets, I heard among the people your name repeated with terrible references to past events—so they fire on the people," they cried, "it is Marmont who is paying his debts."

Arago's efforts were fruitless.

Not long after the revolution, science lost in Cuvier, one of its brightest ornaments. The chair of perpetual secretary to the Institute was thus vacated in 1832, and the choice of a successor to the illustrious naturalist fell upon Arago.

We have hinted that the place which Arago holds in the estimation of men of science is not so elevated as that to which the popular voice has raised him. It may perhaps therefore be asked, how so high a situation depending solely on the votes of the members of the Institute, should have been conferred upon him.

The office of perpetual secretary demands peculiar qualifications. It is one for which a Laplace or a Lagrange would have been ill suited, eminent as these savans were. The perpetual secretary, the organ of the Academy of Sciences, has daily duties to discharge which demand greater versatility, a ready fluency of speech, a familiarity with languages ancient and modern—in a word a certain amount of literary acquirement, in addition to an almost universal familiarity with the sciences.

Arago has been called the "most lettered of savans." If he had not assumed a place in the *Academie des Sciences*, he would have held a distinguished one in the *Academie Francaise*. His style of writing and speaking is remarkable for its simplicity and clearness, as well as for great force of language, great felicity of illustration, and a most enviable power of rendering abstruse reasonings familiar to minds which are not versed in the sciences. The promptitude and fluency

ey of his extemporaneous addresses is also a quality to which he is indebted for much of his popularity. He unites to the accomplishment of a classical scholar, an infinite familiarity with modern literature, and especially those of France and England.

It may well be imagined that such a combination of qualifications rendered him eminently fitted to discharge the duties of perpetual secretary to the Institute. In seniority, and in the depth of his physical knowledge, and the extent of his original researches, Biot had higher claims; but in other respects his qualifications did not bear comparison with those of M. Arago.

The reputation of scientific men, so far as it rests upon the estimation of their colleagues, is determined almost exclusively by their original researches. The discovery of new laws or unobserved phenomena of nature, is admitted as giving them a claim to the highest grade in the corps of science. Had Newton only discovered the law of gravitation, he would have left to posterity an imperishable name. The discovery of electro-magnetism placed Gersted in the highest rank. The demonstration that the earths and alkalis are compounds, having metallic bases, registered the name of Davy in the category of those to whom mankind is most deeply indebted for the knowledge of nature.

Secondary to discovery, but still affording a high claim to distinction, is the production of systematic works, in which the body of natural laws and phenomena, resulting from the original researches of discoverers, are arranged, expounded, developed, and pursued through their more immediate consequences.

It is uncertain whether Euclid ever discovered a geometrical truth. It is certain that the chief part of the propositions which composed his "Elements" were known to his immediate predecessors, and that some of them were ancient, having been brought from Egypt and the East, by Pythagoras and others. No one, however, can deny the genuineness of the fame which has surrounded the name of the immortal author of the celebrated "Elements."

Had Laplace never brought to light any of the great general laws of physics, which enter into the composition of the "Mecanique Celeste," yet that work itself would have been a bequest to succeeding generations, which would have registered the name of its author in a high rank of philosophers.

DAY & MARTIN'S BLACKING.

REMINISCENCE OF AN OLD PRINTER.

There are few persons in the world who have not heard of the above "*inestimable composition*," and yet there are very few who are acquainted with the circumstances relative to the parties becoming possessed of such an "*invaluable receipt*," which laid the foundation of a princely fortune—it must be borne in mind that this is no puff for that "*exquisite*" article, but a few reminiscences, which occurred nearly 40 years ago, of the writer of this article, who was well acquainted with all the persons introduced.

About the close of the last century, there resided in the town of Doncaster, Yorkshire, (famed for its celebrated Races) a personage of the name of Anthony Moore, generally called Antony, but sometimes by the cognomen of Don Antonio. Mr. Moore was a publican, and kept a house known by the sign of the King's Arms, in St. Sepulchre gate, "not far from the Gaol, and very near the workhouse," as Anthony frequently particularized his domicile. Mr. Moore had not been a publican many years—his profession was a lady's stay-maker; for at that period those very essential articles of female attire were manufactured by the male part of the creation, who had to serve an apprenticeship of seven years before they were thought sufficiently qualified. Mr. Moore prided himself not a little in having worked at his profession in Piccadilly, London, and many were the long stories he would tell his neighbours of an evening, sitting in his snug parlour, enjoying their ale and tobacco, of the wonderful things which occurred in "Lunnun." Anthony had not much the appearance of a lady's stay-maker, for he stood nearly six feet high, with a very great inclination to rotundity; but he brewed the best ale in the town, had always a good-humoured smile on his countenance, and from his well-known honesty and integrity, he was universally respected.

Now Mr. Moore's wife had a brother in London, of the name of Richard Martin, who held the situation of book-keeper in a coach-office, at one of the large Inns, at a salary of about 30 shillings per week, with a few perquisites. He had received frequent invitations from Anthony Moore, to visit Doncaster and spend the race week with him. It required more than ordinary skill and management on the part of Richard Martin to provide the necessary contingency to defray the travelling expenses for a journey of 162 miles, to the races and back again; but having, by great parsimony, surmounted this difficulty, he communicated his intentions to a friend and fellow-townsmen of the name of Robert Day, who then filled the situation of journeyman to a hair-dresser, (whose name was also Day) in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, whom he found as equally desirous to visit Doncaster, in the race week, as himself, and the only obstacle was the depression in his finances. However, by the aid of a small loan from a friend, and a little economy, he also accomplished his object.

Previous to their setting out on this journey it was rendered imperative by each of their employers, that their absence should not extend beyond one week. They therefore arranged it that immediately after the decision of the Great St. Leger race and the Gold Cup, they should return to London, without waiting for the termination of the whole of the races, not having sufficient time for that purpose. On arriving at Doncaster, Richard Martin took up his quarters at the King's Arms, (his brother-in-law's,) while Robert Day sojourned with some of his relatives, in the next street. On the morning succeeding the day of Martin's arrival at the abode of Mr. Moore, he (Martin) requested of Anthony the loan of his brushes and blacking, that he might put a high polish on his "Hessians," in order to appear respectable on the Race Course. Anthony immediately handed him the required articles, and Richard commenced operating on his boots in the back kitchen. In a few minutes he was completely astounded at the fruits of his labour, and was put in a perfect dilemma, as to whether it was the peculiar knack of his elbow or the brilliancy of the composition, which had produced such a jet polish on his *under-standers*. As soon as the day's sport on the Race Course was over, an inquiry was immediately made by Martin to his

brother-in-law Anthony, how and in what manner he became in possession of a receipt which had produced such an effect—to which Anthony replied, in his Yorkshire dialect, "Wha, lad, I gat it fra a sodger that was quartered here, and gried him a pint o' beer for it; and yow'r welcome to tak' receipt wi ye when ye gang to Lunnun." To this Martin readily acceded, with thanks. The time being expired for their visit, the two friends, Robert Day, and Richard Martin, prepared to return to town by the Highflyer coach; they had bid adieu to their relations, and were wending their way towards the Inn known by the sign of the Black Boy, when, on a sudden, Martin recollected that he had forgot to take the Blacking receipt. He returned and procured it: they then proceeded on their journey. Some few weeks after this, Martin's Hessian boots were particularly noticed by all his friends and acquaintances, for their high and brilliant polish. Inquiries were made, and answered that it was from a peculiar receipt of his own. Applications were made to him from divers quarters, to furnish them with the same composition, with pecuniary consideration—he hesitated some time, but at length complied with their request. After this, more numerous applications were made, until he found that he could occupy his time to considerably better advantage in making and vending blacking, than in continuing in his situation; in consequence of which, he gave up his employment, and assiduously devoted himself to the making of that *invaluable and inestimable composition*, (as their numerous advertisements in the public papers, designated it,) not, however, without first communicating with his friend Day, and inducing him to join in the speculation. Premises were taken—the very old stand, "94 High Holborn," was then a mean and miserable-looking store—but business increased, the store was enlarged, a number of labourers engaged, waggons and horses bought, to convey their goods to the various retail shops which they served, as well as to the wharfs for exportation. After a short period of some three or four years, such was the extension of their business, by the great demand not only in the British Isles, but in the East and West Indies, and America, that Robert Day offered to Richard Martin to buy him out, at the rate of 5,000 dollars per annum for his life. This offer was accepted by Martin, who retired to his country-house in the neighbourhood of London, with his family.

But what had become of poor old Anthony Moore all this time? Truly, they made him some recompense, particularly as Martin was his brother-in-law!—Not a particle—they had forgot such a being was in existence. Old Anthony was heard to say that "they didn't ever send him a barrel of oysters once a year, nor a letter to say whether they were living or dead, and he didn't care a curse for the whole bunch of them—for, thank God, he was an independent man."

In consequence of this little irritation of temper manifested by Mr. Moore, and his public declaration of it in his morning walks in the High Street and Market Place, the friends and relatives of Mr. Day in the town of Lancaster put their heads together in order to practice a joke, as they said, upon "Old Anthony." This was no more nor less than to inform him on the next meeting in a very serious manner, that they had received intimation from Day & Martin in London, which they could rely upon (and was to be kept as a secret), that in consequence of his kindness in furnishing them with the original receipt for making the blacking, they had come to the determination of making him a suitable acknowledgment and to surprise him with a present of a magnificent service of plate. This was too much for Anthony, but he took the bait, his ire cooled down, and he immediately went home to communicate the glad tidings to his "Old Ooman."

Every day did Anthony Moore sidle up to these pretended friends, seemingly by accident, to learn some news of this said service of plate. One day they told him that they had heard it was finished but only waiting for his initials being put upon it. Another day, that they were afraid to send it by sea, in consequence of some privateers having been seen on the Yorkshire coast. At another time they only waited to get his cast of arms put on. A variety of other excuses were made, which were greedily swallowed by Anthony, to the infinite gratification of the parties concerned, till at length when they imagined they had worked his excitement up to the highest pitch, they turned round upon him, acknowledging that it was nothing but a hoax, and wondered at his simplicity.

Anthony made no reply, but hurried home to his wife with the news. "Noo, lass, they've put a joke on me, as they think, but mark the end on't—when thee puts thy bonnet on, and I my hat, our family's covered—I'll go to the Bank, draw out a hundred pounds for our expenses, and we'll set off by the coach to-morrow morning for Lunnun, and I'll mak these fellows gee us summat—I'll turn the joke t'other way." This resolution was actually put in force, and the following morning this party was safely ensconced inside the coach for London.

On their arrival in town, they took apartments in the neighborhood of Covent Garden, and in a day or two after, Mr. Moore waited upon the parties in High Holborn, and made them acquainted with the situation their friends in the country had placed him, and the determination he had come to. Day & Martin received him civilly, and he separated from them with a promise on their part to take the matter into consideration.

It appeared, however, that the firm of Day & Martin were in no particular hurry to come to a decision the result of which would be agreeable to Mr. Moore; for several weeks elapsed, and still he remained in town.

It was at this period that Mr. Moore accidentally met with a friend, who had formerly resided in Lancaster, and to him he communicated the cause of his journey to London, and the peculiarity of his situation. After some consideration, his friend advised him to make an affidavit before the Lord Mayor of London of his being the proprietor of the original recipe of the blacking—and then issue a prospectus of his intention to publish the recipe by subscription.

To this Mr. Moore assented, and instantly proceeded to put the plan into operation. A proof sheet of the prospectus was then sent to Mr. Day, and induced

him to believe that Anthony Moore was serious in his intention, and that they could "come York over him no longer."

In the course of a few days from this, the firm sent a note to Mr. Moore, intimating that they were inclined to enter into terms with him, and settle the matter in an amicable manner, which would preclude the necessity of his publication; at the same time accompanying it with an invitation to dine with them at the Piazza Coffee House. This invitation was accepted by Anthony, who repaired to the Coffee House at the appointed time. The dinner, wines, &c., were excellent, as usual, in that celebrated place of entertainment. While they were taking their wine after dinner, and when they supposed Anthony had got a little elated, a gentleman rose up, and after avowing himself a professional man, produced a document, which he read in a hurried manner, and requested Mr. Moore to sign it. This excited the greatest astonishment on the part of Anthony who never supposed there was a lawyer in company. His reply was "Naye, naye, lad, pleasure at neeght, business it's morning—I'll sign no papers to neeght—You see I've Yorkshire too."

Finding they would make nothing of Anthony that way, and not feeling disposed to have the business made public, they on the next day came to the conclusion of making him the very handsome compensation of £1,000 (or \$5000), and presented him with a check on their bank for that purpose.

It was now Anthony Moore's turn to laugh—the joke was turned the other way. He and his "old oman" hastened down into Yorkshire, anxious to see the "jokers". And then didst Anthony Moore put on his best smiling countenance, and with his hands crammed to the bottom of the pockets of his nether garments, parade up and down High street, and all the streets, recounting the particulars of his journey to his neighbors and well-wishers, and looking every way to catch his pretended friends the jokers—but they, for some time after, were obliged to hide their diminished heads. And didnt Anthony Moore with this money purchase a piece of ground in the neighborhood of Doncaster, and build several cottages upon it, calling it "Moore's Place?" Certainly he did.

Some few years ago, Mr. Robert Day died, leaving property acquired solely by the sale of this blacking, to the amount of nearly Two Million of Dollars.

Imperial Parliament.

DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

House of Commons, Aug. 18.

The House being in Committee on Public Works in Ireland, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, made a statement on the subject of the existing distress, and submitted proposals for its relief. At the outset he referred to the remedial measures carried into effect by the late Government—

The first thing was to order a quantity of Indian corn, to the value of £100,000, to be purchased by the house of Baring. By good fortune this step for a long time remained a secret; so that the arrival of so large a supply of food had a much less injurious effect in disturbing the regular trade of the country than might have been expected. Those contributions were also made in aid of local subscriptions, and from that other source £1,000,000 was realized. Relief was also afforded through the instrumentality of the public works. An account of the disbursements had appeared in a book recently presented to the House, called "Correspondence relative to the Measures for the Relief of distress arising from the Failure of the Potatoe Crop in Ireland." The whole amount of the expenditure is £852,481; of which there is repaid or to be repaid £494,864. With regard to the evil which this large expenditure was intended to meet, its amount was differently calculated at different times, and in fact has not yet been completely ascertained. The first estimate was, that on the average of the whole country the loss in the potatoe crop amounted to one fourth. Colonel Macgregor afterwards reduced the estimate to an eighth; but the Commissioners of Inquiry subsequently estimated the loss at one half. The disease was not peculiar to the British Isles. It had appeared in America in 1832, and has gone on increasing since; it has also committed its ravages on the Continent of Europe. He thought he might say upon the whole, that the measures adopted by the late government had proved highly beneficial in Ireland: they supplied food and employment, removed despair, preserved the peace, and infused a spirit of contentment into the people. In illustration, Lord John read a letter from Mr. E. Russell, describing the satisfactory results experienced in Clare from the measures adopted to give employment and relief. Mr Russell stated that Indian corn had proved a most nutritious article of food: that it had been retailed at a penny the pound, and that a pound was enough for a day's subsistence for a strong bodied labourer. Some injurious effects however, had incidentally and unavoidably arisen from the relief thus afforded: persons had been employed on the public works who ought not to have been so employed; and many of those who have hitherto been in the habit of coming to England and Scotland to harvest, finding they could get work near their own doors, remained at home, thus delaying the harvest in England and Scotland, and in this way causing the loss of much food.

Lord John was sorry to say that this extraordinary remedy for an extraordinary evil had not been sufficient to meet it. On the contrary the prospect of the potatoe crop is now more distressing than it was last year, the disease has appeared earlier, and its ravages are far more extensive. He quoted from a variety of private letters which had been forwarded on the subject to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and mentioned that the statements had been confirmed by letters which he himself had received, and by reports in the public newspapers. Among the communications particularized, were letters from Lord Shannon, Lord Enniskillen, Lord Bernard, and Col. Jones.

Under the distressing circumstances which existed, it was the duty of the Government to consider the best means of finding employment for the people; and he had now to state the result of their deliberations. "We propose to introduce a bill to this effect, that the Lord-Lieutenant shall have power on recommendation made to him, to summon a barony sessions, or a county sessions for works for relief of the poor. When those sessions shall have assembled, they will be empowered and required to order such public works as may be necessary for the employment of the people and for their relief. I say 'empowered and required,' because it is intended that it shall be incumbent on them, on being summoned to those sessions, to order those works. The choice of the works will be left to them, and they will be put in execution by the officers of the Board of Works. When I say that the choice will be left to them, I mean that they will

point out the works which they consider necessary: but the approbation of the Government will be necessary—that is to say, of the Board of Works—before those works can be fully adopted. It is further proposed that advances shall be made from the Treasury for the purpose of those works, to be repaid in ten years at 3 1-2 per cent interest, the lowest rate ever taken for works of this kind. The whole amount so advanced by the Government will, however, have to be repaid. I should also state, that in levying for the payment of the money, and for the interest, those levies will not be made according to the assessment, and the poorer occupiers will be in a great measure relieved from the assessment. I should add also, that we propose to provide for another case—that of the very poor districts, where it would be impossible that the money should be repaid. We propose that there should be a grant, by act of Parliament, of £50,000, for the purposes of such districts, where work should be provided by Government, to be undertaken only on the ground of their being works of public utility, and of the districts being so poor as not to be able to undertake the expense of such works. In some such cases, works of the kind have been undertaken. One case of the kind is stated in the correspondence, where in consequence of the poverty of the district, a subscription to only a certain amount was taken, and a larger amount was given by the Government than the act of Parliament authorised. The bill to be introduced for the purpose will be similar to many other acts of the same kind. The 1st Victoria, c. 21, is that which we propose to follow. We also propose that there shall be Commissariat officers stationed in different parts of Ireland, who shall be in correspondence with Sir Randolph Routh, and shall from time to time communicate with him on the state of distress in their several districts." As a general rule care will be taken not to interfere with the regular operations of merchants for the supply of food. Relief Committees would again be constituted for a time, but means would be taken to avoid a repetition of previous errors.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER stated, still more distinctly than Lord John Russell did, that Government had no intention of importing food for the use of the people of Ireland—

In fact many merchants had declared they would not import food unless the Government gave an assurance that they would not interfere. On this subject he had received a letter from a merchant in Liverpool, stating that large orders had been sent out for Indian corn, and assuring him that the supply of food for Ireland may be safely left to the regular course of trade.

Mr. DILLON BROWN expressed a warm approval—

If anything could convince him that a local Parliament for Ireland would not be necessary, it would be the speech and proposition made by Lord John Russell, and the way in which both had been received by the House. In praising the present Government, however, he had no wish to make any invidious comparison with the late one: on the contrary, he had felt that they had acted with the greatest alacrity and benevolence. Everything showed that a more extensive system of poor laws must be established for the purpose of making the landlords attend to the interest of their tenantry. Matters could not go on as at present.

Mr. WILLIAM WILLIAMS complained that the Irish landlords had not been called upon to do anything.

Mr. LABOUCHERE added some details to those adduced by Lord John Russell; beginning by an allusion to the poor law suggestion of Mr. Browne, and the complaint of Mr. Williams about allowing the Irish landlords to escape—

As to the poor law of the kind indicated, any person who had paid the most cursory attention to the subject knew its difficulty. The Irish landlords had not been exempted; for the relief proposed went upon the principle of compelling the "property" of Ireland to provide employment to pay the interest of the outlay, and ultimately to make good the principal. Many advantages had already arisen from the assurance given that Government would not import food on their own account. He would give a remarkable instance. A few days ago a large provision merchant, on the West coast of Ireland, waited upon him to know the intentions of the Government; and no sooner was he made acquainted with them than he went and purchased two cargoes of Indian corn. He did not mean to say that the late Government had acted improperly in the course they had adopted; but the effect of it had been to paralyze the provision trade in the first instance, and to derange the labour market in the second; and from this latter cause the habits of the laboring classes had in many cases been much demoralized. These views had been strongly confirmed by a communication he had that morning received, setting forth that the Indian meal had been sold indiscriminately 20 per cent under prime cost, and that the greater part was bought up by farmers, who fed their calves with it. (Mr. Labouchere was asked to state the place but declined.) It also mentioned a place where persons were employed on public works who did not stand in need of it; they bullied the Inspector into letting them do as they pleased, and a scandalous exhibition of idleness was the consequence.

Lord LINCOLN was nettled at these statements, so disparaging to the policy of the late Government—

He regretted that Mr. Labouchere had not omitted the last portion of his speech, and allowed the case to stand on the statement made by Lord John Russell. Mr. Labouchere ought to be careful in crediting such correspondence as he had quoted to the House. Could it for a moment be believed that Sir Randolph Routh would permit the Indian meal provided for the distress of the people of Ireland to be used in fattening calves? Lord Lincoln did not mean to deny that there had been abuses; but that they existed to one tenth or one fifth part of the extent represented in those letters, he entirely disbelieved. What was the natural effect of relieving the distressed poor by finding them employment? Why, it induced them to look to their own exertions and to labour for their support, and not to charity. This was one of the consequences of the plan begun by the late Government, and the value of it could not be easily overrated. Mr. Labouchere had forgotten some of the caution he had formerly displayed when in office, otherwise he would not have communicated the intentions of the Government on the subject of importing food to a dealer at a private interview, thus enabling him to forestal his competitors. If Mr. Labouchere had recollected his former prudence, he would have told the person that his answer should be given in the House of Commons. Not long before leaving office, he himself had had an interview with a gentleman who represented himself as deeply connected with the provision trade in Ireland; and who stated to him that the proceedings of the officers of the Commissariat would, if suffered to continue, cause his utter ruin, and that also of many others similarly situated. He instituted an immediate enquiry, and the result was, upon communicating with Sir Randolph Routh, the whole assertion was proved to be a total mistake. But circumstances had since that time totally altered. Lord Lincoln highly approved of the alterations proposed by the noble Lord; and if he had remained until the present time in office he should have approved of the adoption of such a plan. The circumstances of the present time were totally different from those

of the period when the late Government had adopted their measures. Indian meal was then altogether unknown in Ireland; it was then quite impossible that private individuals should speculate in that description of corn; it was necessary for the Government to introduce it.

Mr. LABOUCHERE explained—

Nothing was further from his intentions than to cast any blame upon the late Government, or to underrate the manner in which they had performed their duties. He did not charge all the Relief Committees with corruption, although he attached it to some.

Desultory suggestions were thrown out by subsequent speakers.

Mr. HENLEY thought the proposal a wise one, but advised Ministers to adopt some permanent plan of relief.

Sir D. J. NORREYS expressed a similar opinion. The vast natural resources of Ireland afforded ample means of placing her beyond the condition of a supplicant for relief. He hoped Lord John Russell would have the courage to attack the Grand Jury system of Ireland.

Mr. HUME spoke of going to the root of the evil. England and Scotland could testify that Irish laborers were hard working and industrious; was it to be supposed that they would be less so in their own country, if they had the opportunity?

Sir ROBERT FERGUSON asserted that the Board of Works in Ireland had proved itself incompetent to its duties.

Mr. ESCOTT remarked, that there was still heavy duties upon the importation of certain articles of food; it was the duty of Ministers to sweep all these restrictions from the statute book. At this moment beans and peas paid the same duty as that until recently imposed upon Indian meal, but now happily repealed.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER complimented the late Government on the success of their remedial measures. They had introduced a new trade into Ireland. Indian corn was not only a cheaper but a more nutritious food than wheat.

Mr. MONTAGUE GORE was desirous of mentioning one fact, that an inferior description of potatoes had been cultivated there; this fact was pointed out as long since as 1828, and it was not possible to say how much of the prevailing calamity was owing to this circumstance.

Three resolutions embodying the scheme of relief submitted by Lord John Russell were then agreed to.

COMMERCIAL RELATIONS WITH MEXICO.

House of Commons, August 24.

Lord GEORGE BENTINCK put a question bearing on the present state of British interests in Mexico. He gave an account of the various steps by which the United States had placed herself in the position of pouncing upon that fertile country; beginning with a reference to the commercial and political importance of Mexico to England—

British capital to the amount of £10,000,000 is vested in the Mexican mines, and the public debt due to this country amounts to £10,200,000. He apprehended that if the war terminated in the conquest of Mexico, the debt to this country would be placed in the same position as the debt due by the United States. Texas had been annexed to that country by the most unjustifiable means. Fictitious transfers of lands took place to citizens of the States, and then the Legislatures of Texas and Coahuila transferred for 20,000,000 dollars an extent of land equal to four hundred square leagues. From this period it became the interests of those American speculators to foment a rebellion in Texas. The first declaration of independence was signed by ninety individuals; and there is the authority of Dr. Canning, an American historian, for the fact, that of those ninety eighty-eight were inhabitants of the United States of America. Texas, thereupon, armed a corps of eight hundred men, which proved successful against the miserable efforts of the Mexican Government. Slavery and its profits were at the bottom of the pretended sympathy with the freedom of Texas. The convention of Austin, which was made the excuse of the United States for the attempts at annexation, was signed by sixty-one persons; forty-nine were Americans, all of them holding slaves, ten were British, and two bore Texan names. The consequence of the annexation has been to open up a new market for the slaves bred in the United States. The appetite for aggrandizement on the part of the United States had only been sharpened, not satiated, by the swallowing up of Texas: Mexico and California were to be the next victims. War with Mexico had been instigated by the advance of the American invading force from the disputed territory on the right bank of the Bravo del Norte to its left bank, which beyond all question is the property of the United States. The annexation of California, if not of the entire of Mexico, would be the test for the Presidency of 1848, just as the annexation of Texas was the test at the last election. Already the Americans are in possession of Matamoros, which opens up the way to Central Mexico. The great object of the Americans is to stretch their power to the Pacific; they already look with longing eyes on the haven of San Francisco, said to be the finest in the world. He wished to impress upon Ministers the fact that it is of great national importance to our foreign possessions to prevent the overspreading usurpation of the United States. On the 2d of June, the Mexican Association addressed a letter by its Chairman to the Earl of Aberdeen, earnestly calling upon him, for the sake of British interest, and for avoiding the interruption of our commerce with that country, to interpose his mediation between Mexico and the United States. Lord Aberdeen in his reply promised, that forthwith energetic measures should be taken to prevent any interruption to commercial arrangements. Sir Robert Peel declared to the House, on the 29th July, that the British Government had offered its mediation: but Lord George, much to his surprise, had seen it asserted in the American papers that no such offer had been received. He wished to know, therefore, what the true state of the matter was?

Lord PALMERSTON replied—

He would not follow his "noble friend" into his historical points, but would limit himself to the question as it stood. It was impossible that war could exist between two countries without the interests of those countries which were connected with them by commercial relations being prejudicially affected. In proportion, however, as commerce increases—in proportion as commerce is freed from all other restraints which tend to limit and circumscribe its extent—in that proportion will it be the interest of all nations that peace should universally prevail. He thought that Lord George Bentinck had exaggerated the facility with which the United States could incorporate Mexico within their dominion. That country is occupied by eight or ten millions of inhabitants, of a race different from the people of the United States, of a religion different from the religion of the United States; and though it might be easy for the United States to incorporate with the Union a country like Texas, filled and inhabited almost entirely by United States settlers, the question is altered where important differences are invaded.

Lord Palmerston explained the circumstances connected with the offered mediation. An offer was made by the Government both to the United States and to Mexico, to mediate between them. As regards the United States, however, England could not be deemed at that time a perfectly impartial party, because the Oregon question was not then settled. If that question had produced a rupture between Great Britain and the United States, our mediation, of course, between the United States and Mexico would have been out of the question. "The offer, therefore, which was made to the United States, was in effect this, that if the United States were disposed to accept the mediation of Great Britain, that mediation would be frankly offered and tendered. I think that was going as far as in the then existing state of things the Government of Great Britain could properly have gone. To this offer no answer was sent; it being understood by the Government of the United States that the communication was not one which necessarily required an answer—that they were left at liberty to act upon it if they pleased, but that no umbrage would be taken by this country if they abstained from taking any steps consequent upon it." But on the settlement of the Oregon question, Lord Palmerston had instructed Mr. Pakenham to renew the offer of mediation in a shape that requires an answer from the United States. A corresponding communication has been made to Mexico. Upon the answers received would depend the degree of service which England could render in bringing about amicable relations between the contending states.

There was another point he was anxious to notice. The United States having found their revenue insufficient to meet the expense of the war, had lowered the duty on imports, as a means of increasing their resources; thus illustrating the truth of those doctrines which go to show that freedom of commercial intercourse not only conduces to the development of the commercial industry of a country, but is the surest foundation of an augmenting and prosperous revenue.

Mr. DISRAELI did not augur much good from Lord Palmerston's speech—He had asserted that free trade was the best means of putting an end to war; but subsequently he stated that the reasons the Americans had reduced their commercial duties was to find increased means to prosecute war: the one statement neutralized the other. The United States entered into and continued the controversy with respect to Oregon, which was of comparatively no importance to them until they had appropriated Texas to themselves. Mr. Disraeli was not now objecting to the Oregon treaty: it was always good policy to fix a limit to the United States, because it was their policy to have everything undefined. But what had been the result of this movement? That the United States had appropriated to themselves a rich province on one side of the Mexican empire, and on the other had taken up a position which surrounded it. Now, what our merchants wanted to know was, whether the Government of this country saw a fair probability of preserving the political integrity of Mexico. Single states, some of them equal in size to European kingdoms, had applied to foreign powers to undertake their protection. There had been rumours of advances to France; but this he knew, that the state of Lomera, which lies contiguous to California, and is four times larger, had offered to the United States, through the medium of the head of one of their oldest Spanish families, to acknowledge their sovereignty if they would protect them and secure order. The House might rely upon it, that offers of mediation, if accepted, (which he doubted,) might stave off but could not prevent that catastrophe which must occur unless more decisive measures were taken. But if European diplomacy failed, what could be done? There was a third course—were they prepared to take it? Would they act towards Mexico as they had acted towards other states under similar circumstances? Would they protect Mexico? Would they do for Mexico what they had done for another revolutionized colony—what they had done for Greece? There was no reason why the United States should not watch over Mexico as well as Russia watched over Greece.

Mr. BERNAL, Mr. PHILIP HOWARD, and Mr. WAKLEY, expressed their approval of the policy announced by Lord Palmerston; and the subject dropped.

EMPLOYMENT IN IRELAND.

House of Lords, August 25.

The Marquis of LANSDOWNE moved that the House go into Committee on the bill to facilitate the employment of the poor in Ireland; the provisions of which he explained—

He hoped that whatever might be the severity of the ordeal through which Ireland was now passing, it would be followed by a beneficial change in its social system. He entertained the hope also that it would have a tendency to accelerate that change in the condition of the small Irish farmer which had already commenced, by making him a day-labourer instead of a farmer without capital, and convincing him that he had within his own reach the means of producing sustenance.

Lord MONTEAGLE gave a qualified support to the bill: he questioned the efficiency of the proposed auxiliary modes of relief—

The supply of Indian corn might now, though it could not last year, be safely left to the usual course of trade; but with respect to supplying employment, he regretted that the proposal contained in the bill had not been brought forward earlier in the session. The injury sustained by the potato crop exceeded everything which could have been anticipated. Never in modern times was there so small a stock of potatoes calculated for food as at present. He had great confidence in the effect which would be produced by a free trade in Indian corn; and it afforded him great gratification to find that the people of Ireland had not only accommodated themselves to the use of Indian corn as food, but had begun to prefer it to their usual food. With the supplies of that article expected from the other side of the Atlantic and the ports of the Mediterranean, there was no reason for anticipating any deficiency in the supply of that description of food for the Irish people.

The grant of £50,000 would be quite inadequate to its purpose. Private subscriptions in aid of the grants should be enforced. The bill before the House provided that the rate in repayment of the advances should be levied on the Poor-law valuation: but in taking that valuation, they were adopting a rule which had proved fraudulent and unjust. So variable was that valuation, that property estimated to-day at £64 might be valued to-morrow at £73, property valued at £67 might be raised to £106, at £81 to £119, and so on. The bill would be a greater blow against the improvements now going on than anything that had yet taken place. The proposition would work against those who were willing to amend the state of the tenantry on their own estates, and was against the principle of the clause moved by the Duke of Wellington in the Poor-law. They were now departing from that principle, and making a well-managed estate pay a greater tax in proportion to the improvement, whilst the rackrented unimproved land in the vicinity would have the benefit. This was a rank injustice; and upon these grounds he thought the bill would prove mischievous. He wished to know how any one could distinguish the system under this bill from a

system of out-door relief. In the Committee on Land Burdens, Mr. Senior declared, that if to the existing Poor-law of Ireland there was superadded an out-door relief, the mischief which had been produced in England during a period of three hundred years would be produced in Ireland within ten years, and would lead to an entire confiscation. Mr. Cornwall Lewis thought it would be a disastrous measure—that it would absorb all the surplus produce of the soil, and in a short time be most detrimental to the persons it was intended to benefit; and Mr. Gulson, Mr. Twisselton, Mr. Clements, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Archbishop Murray, and Lord Glengall, were equally strenuous in their objections to any such proposal.

The Earl of WICKLOW concurred in everything which had fallen from the Marquis of Lansdowne; but objected, like Lord Montague, to the rates being levied according to the Poor law valuation. The clergy ought to be exempt, considering the many calls which were made upon their charity.

The Duke of GRAFTON was apprehensive that if the funds to be acquired under the bill were employed in building bridges and making roads, the cultivation of the land might be neglected.

The Marquis of LANSDOWNE, in reply to a remark about the tendency of the measure to establish a system of out-door relief, stated that the Government did not intend to lay the foundation of any such system; their conviction being that it would be peculiarly mischievous to Ireland.

The bill then went through Committee.

On Thursday, the Earl of RODEN, before adjourning for the recess, made a forcible appeal to the sympathies of the House, and to the humanity and patriotism of Irish landlords, in behalf of the suffering but resigned people—

He could speak of the calamity from personal observation. He had traversed a great part of the province of Munster, and he was not guilty of any exaggeration when he stated that during the whole progress of that journey he did not see one field that was not either decaying or had not actually decayed from the disease. There was a deficiency, too, in the oat crop; and if that deficiency should prove to be general, the calamity would be awfully increased. If his voice could reach the ears of those individuals who possessed any property in Ireland, and it could have any effect to speak to them from that place upon so solemn a subject, he would implore them, under every circumstance, to go home to their country and people; to live among them, and encourage them in their present difficulties; and to show them that they themselves were willing, under their great trials, to share with them the evils they were forced to bear.

The Earl of CLARENDON echoed the call—

He could not permit the subject to close without appealing to all those who possessed property in Ireland to combine together in alleviating the dreadful calamity with which it has pleased Providence to afflict Ireland. No time should at that most important moment be lost in adjuring every one who had any interest in Ireland, and not only those but persons in this country, to unite together in one common effort to relieve the distress.

In the House of Commons, on Tuesday, Mr. DILLON BROWN called attention to the distress which prevailed in Mayo—

The potato crop was not alone a failure, but it had almost completely disappeared. The Government proposal for creating employment had given the greatest satisfaction: it could not, however, be regarded as altogether adequate to the emergency; and he hoped that the Government would adopt additional and speedier measures of relief.

Mr. LABOUCHERE promised the unremitting attention of the government to the subject—

He admitted that the failure of the potato crop was much more general than that of last year. He found from recent accounts, however, that Indian meal was selling at Westport at a penny a pound, and that thirty tons had recently been sold at that price. Potatoes had been selling at 1 1-2d. and 2d. per stone; but he admitted that some of them had been forced into the market in consequence of being diseased. The crop of Indian corn in the United States was abundant; and he hoped that that circumstance, combined with the exertions of the Government, and the assistance which no doubt would be rendered by the Irish landlords would tend to mitigate the effects of the existing calamity. All the accounts of the distress which prevailed in Ireland had been accompanied with the gratifying assurance that the people in general had evinced the greatest patience and most peaceable disposition under all these trying circumstances; and that the clergy of all denominations, Catholic and Protestant, had used their best efforts to check that spirit of exaggeration and panic which if spread abroad might lead to the most evil consequences.

LORD LYNTHURST AND LORD GEO. BENTINCK.

Speeches of Lord Lyndhurst in the House of Lords, on Saturday and Monday Aug. 22. and 24.

Lord LYNTHURST, on the House assembling at two o'clock, rose and addressed their lordships to the following effect:—

My lords, it is a great satisfaction to me that your lordships have assembled to-day, contrary to your usual course, for I feel it incumbent upon me, for a short time, again to call your lordships' attention to a matter material to myself. It is quite unnecessary to make the statement which I am about to make with reference to many noble lords who are members of this House, because they are perfectly aware what has been the cause of the transactions to which I shall refer. But, as many noble lords may not be aware of the transactions to which I am about to allude, I think it proper to make this statement with reference to them, and with reference also to the country.

My lords, it is not my intention to allude to the statement I made the other night, or to the facts to which I then referred; I must leave them to speak for themselves. But, in consequence of a representation supposed to have been made last night by a noble lord (Lord G. Bentinck), I consider that some answer to is necessary. My lords, immediately after the present Government was formed, the different members of the Conservative party appeared to me to show a desire again to unite, and to forget their differences. That was the case in this House, and it appeared to me extremely desirable to effect the same object in the other House. I thought it desirable that I should make the attempt, because, from the position in which I stood, it was well known that I was not a candidate for official appointment, and I thought I might undertake the task without a suspicion that I had any personal objects in view.

I therefore communicated with several of my friends who were members of the other House. I told them what I thought it desirable should be accomplished. I represented to them that it was of great importance that former differences should be forgotten, now that the great measure was passed which had led to those differences. I stated that not with reference to any particular measure or set of measures. I desired that the Conservative party might be re-formed, and that they might then take such a course as was considered advisable.

I thought it desirable, in order that I might not be subjected to any misrepresentation, that I should let other persons know of my intentions, and also that I should communicate with the right hon. baronet at the head of the former Government. I waited upon him, and stated what I intended to do—not for the purpose of obtaining any opinion from him—not for the purpose of obtaining his concurrence—but simply to let him know what I was doing. I stated on that occasion which I had stated to every person whom I had consulted—that what I was doing had no reference to any particular measure or set of measures, but that I desired to put an end to the differences that existed in the party. I made the same representation to the right hon. baronet late at the head of the Home Department, almost in the same terms and with the same qualifications.

While this was going on, and after I had seen many friends, a gentleman with whom I had formerly been much acquainted, but with whom my intercourse had been suspended from political differences, called on me for some explanations, and asked me what my intentions were. I communicated frankly to him the course that I was pursuing, and he did not disapprove of it. But I found it perfectly impossible to communicate with individuals who entertained a hostile feeling to myself and the late Government to any extent sufficient to accomplish the object I had in view. Lord Stanley was then absent in a distant part of the country, and therefore it occurred to me that it would be best to open a communication with the noble lord (Lord George Bentinck) who was at the head of the Protectionist party in the House of Commons. I accordingly sent a simple message to him, requesting to know whether he would see me, for the purpose of conversing upon the matter, in order that we might see whether the differences could not be settled between the two sections of the party. I sent that message through the gentleman to whom reference had been made, who was not my personal friend. It was a mere message. No allusion was made in it to the Sugar Bill, nor did it ever enter into my contemplation. It was a mere simple message, whether he would meet me either at my house or his own, for the purpose of talking over these matters. The answer I received was short and simple,—that the noble lord was disposed to decline the interview, because he would rather wish the proposition to be made to Lord Stanley, with whom I was acquainted, and who was a member of this House. Nothing further passed. I had no personal communication with the gentleman who took the message. I did not know what passed at the interview; the only thing I heard was the message I have just mentioned.

It has been stated, or rather the report states, that I stated that three Cabinet Ministers were joined with me on the occasion, and that the object of our union was to be an opposition to the Sugar Bill. I have only to state, that, as far as I am concerned, nothing was said on that subject, nor was it in the most distant manner alluded to. I have only seen the gentleman, who is rightly described by the noble lord as a merchant of great eminence, but once since that time. I never conversed with him on the subject. I sent a message; I received an answer; and then I dismissed the subject from my mind.

I tried in two or three quarters to see if I could advance the object I had in view, but I found so much bitterness of feeling and personal hostility that I abandoned it, and took no further steps. I made no concealment whatever; the whole matter was universally known; I even stated it to some noble lords on the opposite side of the House, and particularly to one noble lord whom I have now in my eye. I told him of the attempt I was making, and that I found so much bitterness of feeling that it was impossible to carry it out—("Hear, hear," from the Earl of Clarendon).

What! is the story built on this, that I wanted to raise a factious opposition to the Sugar Bill? That I utterly deny. I took no part in the discussion on that bill, and did not even vote. But there is this insinuation—that I desired to make a prudent connection with the noble lord, with the view of coming into office in conjunction with him. Every one knows that I am no longer a candidate for office; that, in consequence of a severe illness, the holding of office during the past session has been a painful and irksome task for me, and that I am desirous of passing the short remainder of my days among my family and my friends. Nothing even on this occasion should have drawn me forth, but the virulent personal attack made on me. I thought it right to communicate with the gentleman who was the bearer of the message. I communicated with him this morning, and he authorises me to state what are the real facts of the case, and to read this statement. It was taken down from his dictation with a view to being read to your lordships:—

"I stated to Lord George Bentinck that I had come with a message from Lord Lyndhurst, the object of which was to express the desire, on the part of his lordship, that the Conservative party, which was now unfortunately split up, should be reunited as speedily as possible, and that several of his political friends joined in this feeling with him. That he would be happy to come into personal communication with Lord George Bentinck with that view, either at his own house or that of Lord George. Lord George Bentinck's answer was, that as he was acting under Lord Stanley, who with Lord Lyndhurst were members of the House of Peers, he thought it better that all communication on the subject should pass between those noble lords, that he was in full and cordial co-operation with Lord Stanley, or words to that effect. This is all that passed in reference to Lord Lyndhurst."

What conversation took place between the noble lord and that gentleman, the bearer of the message, whom I had never seen, I do not know, but that is a correct representation as far as I am personally concerned of what passed.

It is said that I was not justified in making the observations I made the other night, because I was desirous of holding office with Lord G. Bentinck. On a reference to the document which I have just read, your lordships will see that there is not the slightest foundation for such an imputation. Any one who will consult the "Peerage" will satisfy himself that there are sufficient reasons for the decision I have made, no longer to hold any office, but to retire from office, as is much more befitting the period of life to which I have now attained.

I thought it due to your lordships to make this explanation, and your lordships will see that there is nothing inconsistent with the statement I made, or inconsistent with the course which I pursued in repelling the attack made on the noble lord.

I have only one word more. I received this morning a message from the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and he authorises me to state that it was not true that the office had not been pressed upon his brother, or that he had ever interfered to persuade him to accept it. On the contrary, it was not until his brother had determined to accept the office that he (the Chief Baron) told him he had done perfectly right, and that if he had been in a similar situation he would have done the same thing. Your lordships will be satisfied that I have done right in stating the circumstances to which I have now referred, for the purpose of repelling the inferences attempted to be built by the noble lord from the message which I so sent.

Lord LYNTHURST again rose after a pause of some minutes, and said:—As to this gentleman, who was an utter stranger to me, being sent with a message, it may seem strange that he should be sent, and I feel it necessary to explain how it occurred. I was speaking on the matter to one of my secretaries, and he said, "I know a gentleman of great respectability who is well acquainted with Lord George Bentinck;" for I myself did not know any person who was an acquaintance of the noble lord, and it was in consequence of this that the message was sent by this gentleman.

Lord LYNTHURST, on the House of Peers meeting on Monday, the 24th, again addressed their lordships as follows, in reference to the part taken by Sir Robert Peel in the negotiation attempted by his lordship to reunite the Conservative party:—

My lords, in consequence of a letter I have received this morning from my right hon. friend who was lately at the head of the Government (Sir R. Peel), I beg leave to recal your attention for a few moments to the statement I had the honour to make to your lordships on Saturday last. It appears that an imperfect report of that statement—no doubt arising from the short interval between the time at which the statement was made, and the publication of the paper—appeared in a newspaper called the *Standard*. That report met the notice of the right hon. baronet, and he was apprehensive, from that account, that the purport and nature of the communication between us might be misconstrued, and he has consequently written a letter to me to which I shall presently advert.

Before I do so, however, I must take the liberty of recalling your lordships' recollection to what my statement on Saturday really was. I mentioned to your lordships that, in order to guard against misconception and misrepresentation, I thought it my duty to call upon the right hon. Baronet to communicate to him what I was doing. I had an interview with him; but the object of my communication was not at all to obtain the concurrence of the right hon. Baronet in what I was doing, or even to obtain his opinion or advice with respect to the prudence and propriety of the course I was pursuing. I made that communication merely and simply because I thought it better that the right hon. gentleman should know from me rather than from any other source the object I was desirous to accomplish. I think I may appeal to your lordships' recollection whether this was not, in substance, the statement I made on Saturday; and if your lordships required any confirmation you would find abundant confirmation in the reports of the different papers that have appeared this morning. In this statement I made on Saturday I confined myself simply to what I said and did myself. I had no opportunity of communicating with the right hon. Baronet; and I did not consider, without such a communication, that I had any authority to state how he received me, or what answer he made to my statement. I confined myself, therefore, simply to the statement I myself made, and to the part I myself acted in the transaction.

Having said this, I will now revert to the letter of the right hon. Baronet. He thinks it right to state what actually took place between us; and I am quite satisfied and pleased that he has been disposed to do so, because your lordships will find that, as far as I am concerned, the right hon. Baronet's statement confirms distinctly and clearly everything that fell from me. The right hon. gentleman says,—

"You are reported to have said 'that after the dissolution of the late Government he (Lord Lyndhurst) communicated with several friends in the other House, in order that former differences might be forgotten, and that the Conservative party might be reformed;—in order not to be subject to any misrepresentation, he communicated his intention to the right hon. Baronet (Sir R. Peel), and stated on that occasion that what he was doing had no reference to any particular measure.'"

Your lordships will see, from what I have stated, that that was only a part of the communication I made; I also said that my object was not to obtain the right hon. gentleman's concurrence, or even his opinion or advice, as to the course I was pursuing, but that I thought it advisable to communicate to him myself, rather than through any other means, what I was endeavouring to effect. The right hon. baronet further says,—

"My recollection of what passed between us is this:—You wrote to me a note, expressing a wish for an interview, which took place on the same day. At that interview you informed me of a fact of which I was not previously aware,—that you had been in communication with some members of the late Government, and of the party which supported it, with a view to the healing of animosities, and the reconstruction of the Conservative party; that before you went further you had resolved to speak to me; that the part you were taking was a disinterested one, for that your own return to office was out of the question. My answer was, that I must decline being any party to the proceeding to which you referred. I said that the return to office was as little in my contemplation as it was in yours, and that, as I was not prepared to enter into any party combination with that view, I felt it incumbent upon me, under such circumstances, to leave to those with whom I had been previously connected in political life the entire liberty to judge for themselves with regard to the formation of any new party connection. I do not recollect, and have not here the means of ascertaining, the day on which our conversation took place, but I believe the above to be a perfectly correct account of the purport of it."

I fully concur in this statement. I consider that I should have been justified without communicating with the right hon. baronet in stating what fell from him; but having his authority in the communication I have just read to your lordships, I think it my duty to make this statement. My object was what I before represented it to be, and the right hon. baronet seems to have understood me; but he stated that, as far as he was concerned, he did not wish to interfere in the proceeding. I cannot avoid expressing my regret that I am entangled in any of these statements. I would much rather bear a great load of imputation than engage in personal controversies of this kind.

PROMOTIONS AND EXCHANGES.

WAR-OFFICE, Aug 25.—1st Ft.: J. C. Pugh, Gent., to be Ens. by pur., v. Shadwell, app. to the 21st Ft.—21st Ft.: Lieut. W. Domville to be Capt by pur., v. Adamson, who rets.; Sec. Lieut. H. P. T. Woodington to be First Lt. by pur., v. Domville; Ens. J. FitzThomas Shadwell, from 1st Ft., to be Second Lieut. by pur., v. Woodington.—23d Ft.: Sir H. O. R. Chamberlain, Bart., to be Sec. Lieut. without pur., v. Lord Greenock, app. Adj.; Sec. Lieut. A. F. Lord Greenock to be Adj.; Colour-Serg. R. Fortude to be Quarterm.—36th Ft.: Lieut. R. B. Jennings, from h.-p. 38th Ft., to be Lieut., v. White, app. to the 82d Ft.; Ens. G. L. R. Berkeley to be Lieut. by pur., v. Jennings, who rets.; T. Rice, Gent., to be Ens. by pur., v. Berkeley.—37th Ft.: F. Stead, Gent., to be Ens. by pur., v. Persee, whose app. has been cancelled.—49th Ft.: Lt. C. S. Glazbrook to be Capt. by pur., v. Pearson, who rets.; Ens. C. G. Richardson to be Lieut. by pur., v. Glazbrook; R. G. A. de Montmorency, Gent., to

be Ens. by pur., v. Richardson; Lieut. J. W. Armstrong to be Adj., v. Glazbrook, prom.—63d Ft.: Lieut. C. E. Fairtlough to be Capt. without pur., v. Brevet Maj. Oliver, dec. To be Lieuts. without pur., Ens. H. M. Walmsley, v. Ford, dec.; Ens. J. Spier, v. Mahon, dec. To be Lieut. by pur.: Ens. H. White, v. Walmsley, whose prom., by pur., has been cancelled. To be Ens. without pur.: H. E. Quin, Gent., v. Spier; S. Fairtlough, Gent., v. White.—71st Ft.: Sergt.-Maj. J. Taylor to be Quarterm.—79th Ft.: Capt. J. Ferguson to be Maj. by pur., v. Lawrie, who rets.; Lieut. A. Hunt to be Capt. by pur., v. Ferguson; Ens. K. R. Maitland to be Lieut. by pur., v. Hunt; E. G. Place, Gent., to be Ens. by pur., v. Maitland.—85th Ft.: Ens. G. Thompson to be Adj., v. Knox, prom.—Cape Mounted Riflemen: Lieut. J. R. O'Reilly to be Capt. without pur., v. Sandes, killed in action; Ens. W. Harvey to be Lieut., v. O'Reilly; Sergt.-Maj. J. Harvey to be Ens., v. W. Harvey.—Unatt.: Brev.-Maj. T. C. Smith, from 27th Ft., to be Maj. without pur.—Commissariat: Assist.-Commiss.-Gen. T. Stickney to be Dept.-Commiss.-Gen.—Memorandum.—The Christian names of Ens. King, of the 6th Ft., are Henry John, and his surname Newton King.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, Aug. 17.—Ryl. Regt. Art.: Gent. Cadets to be 2d Lieuts.: F. J. Soady, v. Waller, prom.; M. Stewart, v. Freeth, prom.; (Sec. Lieut. Soady to be placed next above Sec. Lieut. Dyneley, and Sec. Lieut. Stewart between Sec. Lieuts. Margesson and Street); O'Bryen B. Woolsey, v. Grey, prom.; A. W. Drayson, v. Ommanney, prom.; C. W. Elgee, v. Palmer, prom.; E. J. Carthew, v. Vansittart, prom.; G. H. A. Forbes, v. Paget, prom.; W. H. Blair, v. Phelps, prom.; L. Martineau, v. Mercer, prom.; C. Hunter, v. Colclough, prom.; R. J. Hay, v. Milward, prom.; A. J. McDougall, v. Chermiside, prom.; J. Spurway, v. Blakeley, prom.; G. R. C. Young, v. Crauford, prom.; H. T. Boulbee, v. Ord, prom.—Corps of Ryl. Eng.:—H. T. Siborne, v. Inglis, prom.; C. S. Akers, v. Martindale, prom.; B. A. Wilkinson, v. Hutchinson, prom.; L. Nicholson, v. Wray, prom.; G. E. L. Walker, v. Pasley, prom.; J. T. Burke, v. Stokes, prom.; F. E. Cox, v. Hickey, prom.; S. B. Farrell, v. Clarke, prom.

Aug. 20.—Ryl. Regt. Art.: Sec. Capt. F. Dick to be Capt., v. Stanway, dec.; First Lieut. J. M. Adye to be Sec. Capt., v. Dick; Sec. Lieut. F. J. Soady to be First Lieut., v. Adye.

ADMIRALTY, Aug. 18.—Corps of Ryl. Marines: To be Sec. Lieuts.: P. Harris, Gent., W. J. Dunn, Gent., J. H. Parry, Gent., R. K. Willson, Gent., E. H. Cox, Gent., E. B. Snow, Gent., Gent. Cadet J. Taylor.

WAR-OFFICE, Aug. 28.—3d Regt. of Lght. Drags.—Lt. and Adj. E. Ireland, from the 7th Lgt. Drags, to be Lt. vice Bowles, who exch. 6th Regt. of Drags.—Lt. D. Maycock to be Adj. v. Shute, who resigns the Adjcy. only. 7th Regt. of Lt. Drags.—Bvt.-Lt.-Col. Sir H. Webster, fm. h.-p. Unatt. to be Mjr v. T. E. Campbell, who ex.; Capt. A. Shirley to be Mjr by pur. v. Sir H. Webster, who rets.; Lt. L. C. L. Peel to be Capt. by pur. v. Shirley; Lt. C. Bowles fm. the 3d Lgt. Drags. to be Lt. and Adj. vice Ireland, who ex.; Cor. W. Viscount St. Lawrence to be Lt. by pur. v. Peel; W. Bosville Gent. to be Cor. by pur. v. Viscount St. Lawrence. 9th Regt. of Lgt. Drags.—Lt. J. C. Campbell to be Capt. without pur. v. Willoughby, dec.; Cor. I. J. French, to be Lt. v. Campbell. 1st Regt. of Ft.—Assist.-Surg. W. Carson, M. D. from the 85th Ft. to be Surg. v. J. Hutchinson, who rets. upon h.-p. 3d Ft.—Bvt.-Lt.-Col. C. T. Van Straubenzee, from the 13th Ft., to be Mjr. v. Cunynghame, who ex. 4th Ft.—Ens. G. H. Twemlow, to be Lt. without pur. v. Haines promoted in the 10th Ft.; Ens. G. W. Aylmer to be Lt. by pur. v. Twemlow, whose prom. by pur. has been cancelled; Sergt.-Mjr. T. Knott, from the 52d Foot to be Ens. without pur. v. Aylmer. 6th Ft.—J. H. F. Elkington, Gent. to be Ensign without pur. v. Clarke app. to the 50th Ft.—Lt. F. P. Haines, from the 4th Ft. to be Capt. without pur. v. Bvt. Maj. Sutherland, decs. 11th Ft.—Capt. E. F. Elliot, from h.-p. Unatt., to be Capt. v. J. Tobin, who ex.; Lt. J. H. Fetherston to be Capt. by pur. vice Elliot who rets.; Ens. W. Goode to be Lt. by pur. v. Fetherston; H. C. Hague Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Goode. 12th Ft.: Staff-Surg. of the Sec. Class W. Robertson, M.D., to be Surg. v. Booth, dec.—13th Ft.: Maj. A. A. Cunynghame, fm. the 3d Ft. to be Maj. v. Van Straubenzee, who exchs.; Lt. C. R. Platt, fm. 61st Ft. to be Lt. v. Woodhouse, who exchs.—23rd Ft.: G. H. Hughes, Gent. to be Sec. Lt. by pur. v. Blathway, who rets.—25th Ft.: To be Lts. without pur.—Ens. H. E. Jones, v. Smith, dec.; Ens. G. Needham, v. Gough, dec.—To be Ens. without pur.—A. Strange, Gent. v. Jones; H. Priestly, Gent. v. Needham.—38th Ft.: Staff-Surg. of the Sec. Class J. D. M'Ilrie to be Surg. v. H. L. Stuart, who rets. upon h.-p.—42d Ft.: Ens. G. J. Menzies to be Lt. without pur. v. Pitcairn, app. Adj.; W. L. MacNish, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Menzies; R. C. Cunynghame, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Fraser, app. Qtrmstr.; Lt. A. Pitcairn to be Adj.; Ens. C. Fraser to be Qtrmstr.—45th Ft.: Staff-Surg. of the Sec. Class F. R. Waring to be Surg. v. Scott, who exchs.—46th Ft.: Asst.-Surg. G. R. Woolhouse, fm. the Staff, to be Asst.-Surg. v. Reid, who exchs.—48th Ft.: Capt. C. Forbes, fm. h.-p. Unatt. to be Capt. v. G. S. Tidy, who exchs. Lt. C. S. Boyle to be Capt. by pur. v. Forbes, who rets.; Ens. R. Bainbridge to be Lt. by pur. v. Boyle; S. J. MacLurean, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Bainbridge.—50th Ft.: To be Lts. without pur.—Ens. W. R. Farmer, v. Russell, dec.; Ens. T. Ryan, v. Brockman, dec.—To be Ens. without pur.—Ens. P. W. Kingsmill, from the 72d Ft. v. Farmer; Ens. G. Clarke, fm. the 6th Ft. v. Ryan.—53d Ft.: J. W. Corfield, Gent. to be Ensign, without pur. v. Follows app. Adj.; Ens. J. W. Follows, to be Adj. v. Dunning, died of his wounds. 61st Ft.—Lt. T. N. Dalton to be Capt. without purchase, v. Mayne, dec.; Ensign D. R. Croasdale to be Lt. vice Dalton; Lt. J. F. Woolhouse, from the 13th Ft. to be Lt. v. Platt, who exchanges, A. W. Greene, Gent. to be Ensign, vice Croasdale. 68th Ft.—Gent. Cadet S. Croft, from the Royal Military College, to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Kortright, who retires. 71st Ft.—Quartermaster T. FitzGerald, from 3d West India Regt. to be quartermaster, vice Wakefield, who exchanges. 82d Foot.—W. Baillie, Gent. to be Ensign, without purchase, vice Kingsmill appointed to 50th Ft. 85th Foot.—Assist.-Surg. J. A. W. Thompson, M.D. from the 3d West India Regt. to be Assist. vice Carson, promoted in the 1st Foot. 3d West India Regt.—Quartermaster W. Wakefield, from the 71st Ft. to be Quartermaster, vice FitzGerald, who exch. HOSPITAL STAFF.—Surg. R. T. Scott, from the 45th Ft. to be Staff-Surg. of the Sec. Class, vice Waring, who exchanges; Staff Assist.-Surg. A. D. Taylor, M. D., to be Staff-Surg. of the Sec. Class, vice M'Ilrie, appointed to the 38th Ft.; Staff Assist.-Surg. G. S. Beatson, M. D., to be Staff-Surg. of the Sec. Class, vice Robertson, appointed to the 12th Foot. To be Assist-Surg. to the Forces—Assist-Surg. J. Reid, from the 46th Ft. vice Woolhouse, who exch.; J. M. A. T. Croft, Gent. v. Taylor, promoted; C. R. Matthew, Gent., vice Beatson, promoted. Brevet—Capt. E. F. Elliot, of the 11th Regt. of Foot, to be Major in the Army. Memorandum.—The names of the Assist-Surg. app. to the 63d Regt. of Foot, on the 24th July 1846, are "Jonas King Carr" M.D. not "Josias," as previously stated.

WILD ELEPHANT SHOOTING IN INDIA.

WALTER MERTON TO SINGLETON URQUHART, ESQ.

I had imagined that Ceylon possessed a monopoly of the pastime of elephant shooting. So much is said in books and magazines of the prowess of the Nimrods of the island, that I never for a moment anticipated that I should have to tell you of my exploits in the same line in the interior of India. Yet is the sport as common in the westerly districts as any other kind of field sport, and from what I shall relate, you will admit, as full of pleasurable excitement.

Having a few days since received reports of a herd of wild elephants that were amusing themselves in the rice plantations of the poor villagers at a place some eighteen miles distant, near the foot of our hills, I left * * * one drizzly morning, taking with me three beaters, in addition to my howdah elephant. My battery consisted of two doubles and a large single, carrying a ball of 5½ to the pound.

On arrival at the village, I was informed that the herd, in number upwards of a hundred, had left the place a few days previously, and taken to the forest on the side of the mountains, and that only two had remained, and that they had been in the plantations close to the houses on the night before. Commenced operations early the next morning, though to little purpose, as I could find nothing. During the forenoon of the following day was equally unlucky, but towards evening I came on a very fine fellow, a *tusker*. He, however, was wide awake, and took off into the forest, without allowing me the satisfaction of a crack at him. The two next days were blank. On the 3d, I saw the same, or another *tusker*, standing under a tree a short distance ahead of my line. My first move was to cut off his retreat to the forest; this done, I bore down upon him. On my getting within 50 or 60 yards, he wheeled suddenly round in my direction. As I thought he was coming down to the charge, and being, to confess the truth, a little nervous, I stopped my elephant, and put a right and lefter into his forehead. If he had in the first instance meditated a charge, the shot certainly made him alter his mind, for on receiving it, he gave a loud trumpet, rushed through the cover of my line, and got safe to the hills. A stern chase is proverbially a long one, and so I found it; for after 5 hours' hard pursuit, without even getting within four hundred yards, I had the pleasure of seeing him disappear over the brow of a rising ground, at least half a mile ahead of me, and I was obliged to give in.

Well, this was discouraging enough, and I began to think that this year no tushes would grace the Old Hall at home. For two days more did I wander about in all directions, without seeing even the ghost of a wild beast, and was on the eve of returning home *re infecta*, when some men, whom I had sent for information three days before, came in with the pleasing intelligence that there was a noble *tusker*, the largest they had ever seen, in a small valley sixteen or seventeen miles further on, through the forest: they stated that he had been there for four months, and had nearly ruined the rice.

My hopes brightened up once more, and the next morning I started, taking with me one day's provant, as I only intended to remain that night. Did not reach my huts until 5 o'clock, but late as it was, I could not rest satisfied until I had taken a look at the ground. It was a small valley, some five or six miles in length, by two or two and a half in breadth, full of heavy grass jungle, but free from trees—the surrounding mountains were covered to their bases with dense forest. The only regular exits and entrances were by the bed of the nullah or small rivalet which ran through the centre of the valley, and on the banks of which the *null* was very thick.

Having completed my survey, I returned to camp. A *soobadar*, who was out with me, and who had wandered away on one of the beaters, came in shortly afterwards, and told me that he had caught a glimpse of the wild elephant, without being seen by him in return. This news, together with dinner and its concomitants, excited me intensely. About nine o'clock, a devil of a *tumasha* (noise and bustle), followed by a shrill scream, was heard a short distance off—the whole camp was instantly on the alert, and nothing less was expected than a scrimmage amongst the huts. A few minutes, however, cleared up the mystery. Some *nagas* had come down from their village to see us, and as a precaution against the elephant, had each brought a fire-brand—and lucky for them it was that they had done so; for about a hundred yards from camp, they suddenly came on the brute, who was standing in the middle of the path, apparently reconnoitring my position. On seeing the men, he rushed at them, but on their kicking up a row, and whirling the lighted sticks round their heads, he turned, and with a loud trumpet, darted off into the cover.

The neighborhood of such an animal was far from pleasant, as there was no saying what freaks he might take into his head, and it may well be supposed that our slumbers were anything but sound.

Right glad was I when day broke. As soon as all was ready, went to the place where the *nagas* had seen him in the night, and took up the track. After going about a quarter of a mile, he was pointed out to me some hundred yards ahead, standing perfectly still, with his stern towards me. At first he took no notice of my proceedings, but when I got within sixty or seventy paces, he wheeled round, looked at me for an instant, and with a scream, which made every bone in my body tingle, darted away up the cover. Put on all the steam we could muster, but the idea of overtaking him I soon found to be in vain, so I was obliged to content myself with following on his track. This, however, after I had chased for a considerable distance, got mixed up with some others, seemingly equally fresh, and not knowing which to take, nor being able to see anything of the brute, I put two beaters on one of the tracks, and followed another myself. Had not gone far when the men on the beaters called out that he was in their front. I had hardly turned towards them, when, with loud screaming and trumpeting, he thundered down upon them.

It was a glorious, a magnificent sight, and worth fifty tiger charges, to see this noble animal, apparently twice the size of any elephant in the field, crashing through the cover at a tremendous pace, screaming all the time, tearing up the grass and bushes in his path, and throwing them in the air, as if to intimidate those whom he had just reason to suspect as his enemies. The two mahouts (elephant drivers) behaved splendidly, and stood their ground—five seconds more, and he would have been on them. I was at least 200 yards distant, and had given up all hopes of being able to save them, but fired at his side in despair. The two balls fortunately stopped his career; he looked round in the direction from which the shot had come, as if undecided whether to charge me or not; but seeing me pushing towards him as fast as I could, he turned his tail, rushed through the line and into the thick grass.

Round I went, and for three mortal hours did I follow, follow, follow! without another shot. At last I managed to get within hail; but the moment he got sight of me, at me he came like lightning. A three-ounce ball from my large single, at about fifty paces, made him shake his head and turn, and off he set again at a fearful rate, down the bed of the nullah, through the entrance to the valley, and into the defile and forest beyond. There being no end of tracks of wild elephants in all directions, I soon lost the right one, and went humbugging on, until near sunset, without another view.

At length I gave up in despair, and was returning to camp, perfectly convinced in my own mind that I was a very ill-used and persecuted individual, when, in passing through a thick patch of *null* and bushes, I heard a loud trumpet to my left, and getting on the seat of the howdah, I spied my friend—he evidently had not seen me, as his head was in a contrary direction, but had been roused by the noise my line made through the cover; he appeared in a glorious rage, rushing about first one way and then another wherever a leaf moved, tearing up the bushes and grass, and *feeling* with his huge trunk in the air, for the locality of his foes. Not altogether liking to encounter him in his present mood, I remained *perdu* in the rear of some trees—but after a few minutes' deliberation, took a good screw at the large rotatories, and moved out from my shelter. The moment he saw me, down he came to the charge. A right and lefter in his forehead, at about thirty yards, turned him, and off he went through the nullah and into the valley again. Chased until dark without overtaking, and was obliged however reluctantly, to give up, with hearty prayers that he might not be tempted to leave the valley during the night.

Before day-break, some of my servants heard him trumpeting some distance above the place where I had left off beating. This was just as I could have wished. Was up with the lark, and sent *nagas* down to the bed of the nullah to see if he had passed downwards—no tracks were found, so I concluded that all was right. As soon as everything was ready, I started—hunted about unsuccessfully till midday, when I made a division of the forces leaving two beaters (with a *sepooy* or one with a musket in case of accidents) on the yesterday evening's track and taking the other elephant with me, I went in search of some fresh marks, which the *nagas* told me they had seen near the foot of the hills. Was poking along quite hopeless, and nearly asleep, when the *soobadar*, who was all anxiety for a kill, startled me with the exclamation (in the vernacular) of "Sahib! there he is!" For some time, I would hardly believe my own eyes, but at last I was convinced for there was my friend as large as life, in some thin grass jungle close to the forest, and about a quarter of a mile distant. I immediately shoved along with all speed, to cut him off from the hills, and turn him down the valley: in this I succeeded, though not without a charge, which a couple of shots stopped; the two beaters now joined, and after him we set in high spirits. The cover, however, was so thick that we soon lost sight of him and likewise of the track. On this, we separated again, and I was quietly plodding alone through some very high *null*, when I suddenly heard one of those infernally shrill screams, accompanied by a crash through the cover close to me, and by the time the gun was to my shoulder, the elephant was within ten paces. Bang! bang! went both barrels into his head—he stopped—ditto, ditto, repeated from the other double staggered him and cooled his courage, and away he went up the cover; I followed him to the top of the valley, where, tho' without firing, I contrived to turn him and down we went again; he occasionally made a short charge, which one ball always stopped, but would never let me come within decent distance. At last, after three hours' hard chase, he brought up close to my camp, and allowed me to get within fifty paces, when I planted a couple of balls well, as I thought, in his head. This time, however, he did not run, but backed gently into *null*, with his head towards me. All my alarms had now vanished, so I mustered the elephants close around me, and slowly advanced to about ten yards of him, when I stopped, and with my pet Joe, took a cool, deliberate aim at the bump, which looked very inviting, pulled the trigger, and had the immense delight of seeing him roll over on his side. He partially recovered, and got upon his knees, when the second barrel was fired, and down he dropped in earnest, and in the course of two seconds "the vital spark," as the papers say, "was totally extinct."

To say that I was delighted would not express a hundredth part of joy I felt on the occasion; but I must candidly own, I did, when the first burst of pleasure had passed, feel inclined for a touch of the sentimental, and remorse for having destroyed so noble an animal, and sundry vows did I make internally that I would never, except in self-defence, shoot at another elephant. But—alas for human nature!—the "amiable weakness" soon wore off, and Walter was himself again!

The principal part of the job being thus fortunately accomplished, nothing remained to be done but to ascertain his height, and get out the tushes. From the toe to the centre of the top of the shoulder, he measured exactly eleven feet one inch. Being dubious that he could be so much, I and about twenty natives, measured and re-measured him again and again, but with the same results. The tushes, when taken out, were found to be 5 feet 9¼ inches in length, by 17½ in girth at the thickest part. On the subject of the elephant's height, I have been fully prepared to encounter plenty of incredulity, as the following extract of a letter from a friend of mine, a man of Rhodes, to whom I wrote mentioning the business, will show:—

"It measured 11 feet 1 inch—did it? Which way? The tallest elephant that ever was in the — Feelkhanna was 9 feet 6 inches. I do not say anything, and do not envy you—though you *do* deserve credit for shooting so large an elephant."

This note was almost enough to discourage a man from saying anything about it, but I have mentioned *how* the height was taken, and I leave it to those better skilled in elephantometry to guess what the proper size might have been; but I must say that, if the usual way (as I have always understood it to be) of ascertaining an elephant's measurement be by passing a string from toe to toe over the shoulder and taking the half, this one was fairly 11 feet 1 inch, and to that I am ready to take my "davy." At all events, the mode adopted was the only one at my disposal, as an elephant is not to be turned over from side to side like a hare; however, whether 9 feet or 11, matters but little. There is an old saying, "Let those laugh that win," and well may I do so, seeing that noble pair of tushes grace "The Old Hall," though they no longer call me master; for my incredulous friend, happening to come in the other day on business, was so taken with them, that on hearing me say I thought of sending to Calcutta to try if I could get an order on England for fifty pounds for them, to enable me to treat myself to a clipping rifle, he immediately struck the bargain, and nothing remains to me as a memento save the Ceylon trophy—the tail."

London Court Journal.

THE BENTINCK AND LYNDHURST AFFAIR.

From the Spectator.

Lord George Bentinck has raised a prodigious dust—no less similar term will express his achievement; yet out of the turmoil nothing but good can come. His purposes of mischief are too transparent to do any harm. The attempt to convict Lord Ripon and Lord Lyndhurst of bartering places, ecclesiastical and official, broke down on a mere recital of the facts; and the further attempt to revenge the failure by fixing ignominy on Lord Lyndhurst as a political intriguer was but a renewal of defeat.

The case has enabled the public to make a thorough estimation of the Protectionist leader. There is a naive simplicity about the freshman in statesmanship, that is quite engaging. Like a new "Lord Gil Blas of Santillane, ornament of Oviedo, and a flambeau of philosophy," he has evidently been taken in by the not too fulsome adulations of his cavalier of Penafior—a gentleman of the press: he has really conceived that he is a great man, perhaps a Heaven-born Minister! Under that hallucination he has taken seriously to politics; going so far even as to give up his stud. He finds statesmanship as easy as jockeyship, and is intoxicated with the fame and the facility. There are no bounds to his activity; and he evidently piques himself on appealing especially to "English" notions. He is ready to face any antagonist—afraid of nothing. Some might suspect that indiscriminate boldness to indicate as much a certain obtuseness of understanding as true courage. He propitiates the country in detail, by holding himself open to the uses of each "interest," and he will undertake the tribuneship of any. Understanding that "facts" are the things which weigh with the House of Commons, he makes a point of furnishing himself on each occasion with a bushel of facts, and duly uncarts them in the House. Whether they are bound, opposite, or accurate, matters little, if you may judge by the unqualified confidence with which he shovels all forth. As a source of strength, he relies much upon his own power of revenge; and if he lacks the quality of being formidable by inherent strength, he tries to make up by absence of scruple. He boasts that he uses coarse weapons on the "videri vult pauper" principle. The want of scruple, however, is only an apparent source of strength; he would be more dangerous than he is if he had not enabled the public so soon to see through his character. No influential party is likely to enter into any very close and responsible alliance with one whose lax notions of moral responsibility are equalled only by his credulity.

That the late affair has furnished the public with full materials for an analysis of this man's character, is its smallest result: it has also established one historical fact—that the old method of compassing great political manoeuvres by old-womanish gossiping scandal is quite obsolete. To witness this grand coup d'état of scandalmongering, is like seeing one of Vanbrugh's plays with the costume of the day—all quaint and ridiculous. You wonder how grave politicians and real statesmen, even with the half-shut eyes of those days, could actually make a profession of moving the world by engines so paltry. But the attempt to revive the wretched system has failed as it deserved. It was as hopeless as would be the notion of reviving a brick-dust court suit for Julius Cæsar on the stage—hoops and toupées, bag-wigs and high-heeled shoes, in real life. For all their faults, the statesmen of our time have really outgrown the vulgar, servile, backbiting, talebearing gossip and intrigue that occupy so large a share in the historical biographies of the Walpoles and Harrises. Statesmen now-a-days must use and acknowledge larger and more genuine influences.

The turmoil has also furnished a useful exposition of the state of parties. Lord Lyndhurst was always a party politician rather than a statesman. If his youthful curiosity ventured into the doubtful field of inquiry and speculation, he soon fell back into the safer and more congenial one of constituted authority and advocacy. He has had political habits rather than political views: advocacy involved antagonism, and those engaged on his side were *ipso facto* "friends." The earnestness, the warmth of heart, the liberality, which his lack of real statesmanlike views excluded from his conduct as a politician, found ample vent in the intercourse of party connexion. Few men have been so popular among all who came in contact with them as Lord Lyndhurst. It was consistent with that hearty personal view of political connexion that he should regret the severance of his party, and should make the crowning act of his public life an attempt to reconcile the dissevered sections. He could not understand why men who had "acted together" so long should now be separated; and with disinterested zeal he tried, in taking leave, to reconcile them.

Never did so shrewd a man make a more egregious mistake. The two sections of the quondam Tory or Conservative party have been separated far less by any personal animosity between them, less even by discordant sentiments on particular measures, than by an utter difference in the very nature of the two sections. There could be no community of nature between the two sections which have chosen for their leaders severally Sir Robert Peel and Lord George Bentinck. The new Conservative party has been completely eliminated from the old Tory party. That party had not escaped the influence of human advancement; the most intelligent of its members had outgrown its old feelings and dogmatic prejudices; and with those altered members Sir Robert Peel formed his new Conservative band. The old Tories, seeing how this notion fell in with the spirit of the times—how it recovered a large share of that influence which was wrested from the Tories by the Reform Bill—consented to jog along with the new caravan, ignorant whither it was really going. Late events applied the test to both sections, and their precarious union was decomposed with an explosion.

It is scarcely possible that they can be reunited—certain that they will not, if the true Conservatives know their own position. Labouring attempts are made to compare the two sections numerically; but the comparison is idle. The Tory party is obsolete—is a living anachronism, surviving the erection of its own tomb. Though it did number two hundred Members, and among them a perturbed spirit like Lord George Bentinck, they are but unalid ghosts of the last century. Their principles can no longer be avowed even by themselves; but "Church and State" dogmas must be diluted in generalities, to disguise their old-fashioned character and pass muster at the hustings. And a Tory party without its rotten boroughs!

Its occupation, too, is gone. The conservative spirit—whether we regard the Church or the State—never more thoroughly imbued the country than it does at this day. In the Church, the infusion of more liberal sentiments, of a more practical earnestness, of a greater decorum among the clergy, has evoked a new spirit of life. The establishment which counts among its Prelates a Whately, a Thirlwall, and a Wilberforce—to mention only the first names that occur—is far from declining. Even the sallies of Puseyism are but evidences of the increasing energy within. In the State, enlargement of the franchise has admitted numbers to a practical share in politics; the spread of information has at once moderated extreme opinions of all sorts and induced a greater tolerance for all shades of opinion; commercial prosperity has helped, in spite of partial reverses, to consolidate political and social contentment; free trade has given

birth to new hopes; further political advancement, accruing from the removal of that drag on progress which consisted in the unconverted old Tory party, contributes its quota to the general hopefulness; and it may safely be averred that the state of the country was never more tranquil, socially or politically, than it is at this moment. Glances East and West have not tended to make Englishmen more discontented with their condition; and no sturdier defenders of our institutions, Monarchy and all, would be found than among the once dreaded Radicals. Revolutionary anarchists died out simultaneously with the old Tory asserters of arbitrary power. There is therefore no occasion for a Tory faction to monopolize the offices of Government, to their own profit, under pretext of representing in the State the spirit of Conservatism.

Sir Robert Peel made a discovery for the more intelligent section of his party. It was, not merely that progressive improvement is desirable—all Reformers had asserted that doctrine; not merely that it may be reconciled with the safety of institutions; but that it is actually safer—better for the very purposes of conservation, than obstinate resistance to change. By carrying out those views, he has reconciled the energetic spirits of the country to a much more gradual progress than would have contented them had effective resistance piqued their will. His success has made him the most influential among living statesmen; and it is impossible that such a man can want adherents. Accordingly, whatever the number of his peculiar supporters, it comprises the most able and intelligent men among the quondam Tory party. But practically there is no real difference between them and the other sections of active and influential politicians.

This strange Bentinck affair has shown, past recall, that there is a wider separation between a Conservative and a Tory than there is between Conservative and Whig or Radical. Hence a further good: party hostilities are broken down—there is not the same scope for antagonism; and we must see, as we have seen this session, all the chief sections of Parliament uniting to further great measures for the general good of the country.

Haydn's "Creation."—Sir Joshua Reynolds desired that the last name that he should pronounce in public should be that of Michael Angelo; and Dr. Burney seems to purpose that the last name he should give—if so allowed—through his annals to posterity, should be that of Haydn. "Finding," he says, "a black leaf at the end of my journal, it may be used in the way of postscriptum, in speaking of the prelude or opening of Haydn's *Creation*, to observe that, though the generality of the hearers were unable to disentangle the studied confusion in delineating chaos, yet, when dissonance was tuned, when order was established, and God said—

"Let there be light, and there was light!"

"Que la lumiere soit, et la lumiere fut!"

the composer's meaning was felt by the whole audience, who instantly broke in upon the performers with rapturous applause, because the musical period was closed."

Tamburini—A singular story is told of this distinguished vocalist, which occurred whilst he resided at Palermo. In this city it appears a custom prevails of allowing, during the first day of the carnival, the audience to interrupt and drown the performance by every sort of discordant noise. The *prima donna*, offended at this license, refused to perform her part—the people were furious—and Tamburini, who had once before allayed the storm by his ready wit, now undertook to go through the scene in the dress of Elisa, and in the high tones of his clear falsetto, which he is said to have done with the most perfect success, contriving even to perform the duet, with which the scene concludes, by rapidly changing from the high notes of the female part to the deep and full tones of his own natural voice. He gave another proof of the versatility of his talents at Naples, where the principal woman having, through sudden illness, lost her power of singing, he went through the whole aria, whilst she leaned motionless on his shoulder.

Fashionable Arrivals.—A Cargo of Wenham Lake Ice from America. It is at present remaining in the Strand, previous to mixing in society; but it is expected the entire party will break up at the end of the fashionable season. The greater part of it has been invited by a noble Lord to take the waters.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 9½ a — per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1846.

Lord George Bentinck, like Col. Wardle and all other intermeddlers with what are out of their genius and with what they do not understand, has already found out, we hope, that trying the lead in party politics is out of his way, and that if he intend himself any eclat in the House of Commons he must keep within small game. In words which he probably understands better, if he want to become a great man he must enter the "leather-plate" course and then he may possibly succeed; but to put himself in collision with Sir Robert Peel, or Lord Lyndhurst, or Lord Ripon, is almost as absurd as to enter a half-bred horse against Hambletonian, or Childers, or Eclipse. He is sure to be not only dead beat, but left more than a distance behind. We see, in the last attack of the noble member of the lower house, what an excellent leader the Protectionists have ranged themselves under, and how determined he is to be a *patriot* and a distinguished man in the country, that he will spare neither friend nor foe in the politic fight, *pele-mele*. But he should have recollected that a whole life-time at the British forum had made Lord Lyndhurst (once Sergt. Copley) a wordy antagonist hard to be foiled, and whose character and deportment were admitted by the community to be honourable to boot; he should have recollected that Lord Ripon (once Hon. Frederick Robinson) is an old public servant, and was always understood to be both independent in principle and honourable in action, as the world well knows. We can hardly understand why Lord George should have ventured to measure his strength against these two,—and with so little enquiry into the ground of his attack—he was like a bull-dog unmuzzled, ready to fly at the first that came into his way. We trust he will for the sake of Legislative progress, find out quickly that it is a different thing to be the leading man at Tattersals and the leading man in the House of Commons,—that it is easier to decide upon a rule of the Jockey-club than upon a question of prece-

dent as any rule of third estate of the Monarchy. We are sorry Lord George has disposed of his stud, for it is probable he may have to buy again at a sad loss.

The invective bestowed on Sir Robert Peel bring one in mind of Esop's dying lion, who felt more mortification at certain kicks received by him than at other degrading insults received by him; and there is another fable of Esop which makes a certain animal attempt to gambol, but the master who did not see the naturalness of the motion took a good cudgel, and soon convinced the animal that he had mistaken his vocation.

As for the practice which is in the case laid before the public, we rejoice that it is exposed, and will in all likelihood be done away with, but this is no credit to the betrayed who had no such object in view.

We perceive that a Musical Convention was held at the Tabernacle last week; some account has been forwarded to us of the proceedings, but they are made up of so much verbiage, and there is really so little effected that we do not expect much good from their deliberations. They appear to confine their ideas so much to "Psalmody and other Music of the Sanctuary" in Churches, that we do not wonder of the apathy with which matters are received. If any good is to be done it will be partly by means of the really learned in Musical lore taking an active part in the deliberations, and partly by the affluent and fashionable taking the affair in hand and pushing the subject into notoriety.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

ST. GEORGE'S v. NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB (HOBOKEN),

Four men of the St. George's barred.

The Return Match of these clubs was played on Wednesday last on the ground of the New Yorkers, and fine cricketers' weather was the day for the occasion. Like the first match the game was to be two innings each, but if the game was not concluded by sundown then the first innings decided the game. But by beginning at half past 10 A.M., the four innings were concluded by 5:35 P.M., and the St. George's won by 30 runs.

The St. George's having the choice, put themselves in, expecting, doubtless, that they would make the best first innings, but they were mistaken; and being too eager, and not knowing the peculiar ground of the Hoboken, there were not fewer run out than three, and three good ones, too; there was excellent bowling on either side; in the first innings Waller got his 8 out of 32 balls, and Wheatcroft made his 18 out of 44 balls; we do not think we could describe the play of the first innings better than the score does, except we have to remark that the forty two runs obtained therein took an hour and a half, and there were 142 balls delivered.

The wickets were as follows: 1 wicket, 1 run; 2 wickets, 2 runs; 3 wickets, 18; 4, do., no addition; 5 wickets, 19 runs; 6 wickets, no addition; 7 wickets, 33 runs; 8 wickets, 37 runs; 9 wickets, 42 runs; 10 wickets, no addition.

In 10 minutes the New Yorkers took the bat, and they run off 51 runs, being ahead of the St. George's 9 runs; and winning the game if the two innings were not finished by "sun down." The batsmen played well, and showed they knew the peculiarities of the ground by the way they planted the balls which they struck. The first wicket went down for 16, 2 wickets for 17; 3 wickets, 22 runs; 4 wickets, 31 runs; 5 wickets, 42 runs; 6 wickets, 45 runs; 7 wickets, 49 runs; 8 wickets, 51 runs; 9 no addition; 10 wickets, no addition; the innings were played in 2 hours; balls bowled, only 106.

At about half-past one the St. George's went in for the second innings, and here was the proof that the parties were not playing for a sordid money winning but for cricketers honour, for the fielding party need but to have let the St. George's get a long score and stop a long while in, to win legally the match because if the innings were not played out they were already the winners. There was about little more than half an hour that play was suspended while the cricketers took a handsome and substantial refreshment provided by the New York Club, and then went at it again in right good style of bowling, batting, and fielding. The St. George's party when they had got about 70 be thought them that it would not do to get too long a score for fear the incoming New Yorkers should not be all out at sundown, and therefore Bates and Eyre who were in began to play a slashing, batting game, they would not either of them pay the New Yorkers so poor a compliment as to give up their bats, therefore they played until 10 wickets were down for 91 runs; thus there were 1 wicket 13 runs, 2 wickets 18 runs, 3 wickets no addition, 4 wickets 23 runs, 5 wickets no addition, 6 wickets 32 runs, 7 wickets 34 runs, 8 wickets no addition, 9 wickets (this was when Eyre went down) 90 runs, 10 wickets 91 runs. The actual play of this innings took up about 2 hours and the balls were 209 in number.

At about 4½ P. M. the New Yorkers went in for their second innings and would have made but an indifferent show, had it not been for the bold slashing batting of their general, Auchinleck, who made threes, two's, and a four, in beautiful style as his score shews, but they completed their innings in an hour and five minutes for 52 runs, having received 86 balls. Their innings was in the following style: 1 wicket 3 runs, 2 wickets 4 runs, 3 wickets no addition, 4 wickets 8 runs, 5 wickets 12 runs, 6 wickets 15 runs, 7 wickets no addition, 8 wickets (this was when Auchinleck fell) 49 runs, 9 wickets no addition, 10 wickets 52 runs.

The match was thus played out, and the young Club of New Yorkers promises to be a very good club, when they shall have played a few more matches, for they are evidently not discouraged at being beaten, but are resolved to learn their own strength by playing against antagonists.

The Umpires were Messrs. Wright and Nichols, and the Markers were Messrs. Paterson and Lee, the following is the score.

ST. GEORGE'S CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Bates, b. Sutton	1	run out	40
R. Waller, run out	8	b. Cuppage	7
Gardiner, b. Cuppage	0	c. Auchinleck, b. Sutton	6
Wheatcroft, not out	18	run out	2
Bage, run out	0	b. Sutton	2
Wild, b. Sutton	0	b. Sutton	0
Eyre, b. Sutton	0	b. Sutton	14
Sother, b. Greatorex	5	run out	4
F. Tinson, run out	1	b. Cuppage	1
Edwards, b. Greatorex	5	hit his wicket	0
Vinten, c. Sutton, b. Greatorex	0	not out	0
Byes	3		10
Wide, Cuppage	1	Cuppage	1
No Balls	0	Sutton	4
Total	42	Total	91

NEW YORK CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Bennett, l. b. w., b. Edwards	9	c. Vinten, b. Wheatcroft	0
Mott, b. Edwards	7	c. F. Tinson, b. Edwards	0
Holman, b. Wheatcroft	0	b. Edwards	1
Cuppage, b. Wild	15	b. Wheatcroft	2
Greatorex, b. Wheatcroft	5	c. Wheatcroft, b. Wheatcroft	2
Clarke, hit his wicket	4	not out	5
Auchinleck, b. Wheatcroft	3	b. Wild	26
Ranney, run out	3	b. Wild	0
Elliot, b. Wheatcroft	2	b. Edwards	6
Sutton, c. Edwards, b. Edwards	0	b. Wheatcroft	0
Richards, not out	0	c. Eyre, b. Wheatcroft	2
Bye	1		5
Wide, Edwards	1	Edwards	2
No Ball, Edwards	1		0
Total	51	Total	52

SINGLE WICKET.

There is a series of Single Wicket matches with which we presume the St. George's Club of this city will probably wind up the season, except their private practice on regular days. The first of these, a match between Dudson of Philadelphia and Winckworth of St. George's came off on Thursday last.

Dudson went in first and made a three, a two, and four ones off 20 Balls, in 14 minutes when he was bowled out at the Leg stump. Then Winckworth made a two and one out of 7 Balls, and had his oft stump bowled down by Dudson.

The second innings Dudson made a two and six ones of 34 Balls in 15 minutes, when he had his bails knocked off by Winckworth, the last mentioned went in when he got two wide balls but no run, 16 Balls delivered in 9 minutes, when his middle wicket was bowled down by Dudson, and the latter was winner by 12 notches.

*. Another single Wicket match was begun between Dudson and Wright, but as the game was not played out when this sheet went to press we shall defer the details till next week. But the appearance of things was the long odds in Wright's favour.

COBOURG AND PORT HOPE.

On Tuesday, the 4th inst., a match of this now firmly-established Canadian game, was played at Port Hope, between the senior Club of that town and the junior of Cobourg, the latter Club being the challengers. A young friend, present upon the occasion, has kindly furnished us with the following particulars:—

"At an early hour in the morning, the Cobourg party assembled, according to previous agreement, at the Ontario Hotel, and the day being remarkably favourable, about nine o'clock we all took our seats in a commodious carriage furnished by Mr. Joseph Lambert, and started in excellent spirits and trim for the scene of action. After a pleasant 7 mile ride, enlivened by song and jest, in due season, and safety, we reached Port Hope, where we found a goodly assemblage of friends ready to greet us; among them, in battle array and looking most alarmingly confident of success, our selected opponents of the day:—here for an instant our pulse beat quick and doubtful, for they did look 'ugly customers' that's a fact:—I speak in metaphor, Mr. Editor, and would not have your readers put any unmannerly literal construction upon my words.—We presently rallied, however, and after a few minutes preparation proceeded to the ground, which is pleasantly situated on high table land about a mile west of the town, within view of Lake Ontario. The preliminaries being speedily arranged, Port Hope won the toss and decided to go in first, whereupon the Umpire called play and the game commenced, Messrs. Blythe and Robertson taking the bats and Buck and Calcutt bowling. The first man out was Blythe, who, after stopping a few balls very neatly and making one clever hit, seemed just getting confidence for his play, when an unlucky teaser from Buck got the start of his bat and down came the wicket in a trice. His companion, Robertson, was shortly after compelled to pay similar tribute to the skill of Calcutt, after scoring three. Well done Cobourg bowling! The next in turn, Roland, made one run only, and was then neatly caught by Boulter: to him, in quick succession, followed John Henderson, Haines, and Green, the two first of whom scored three each, and the last one, Henderson, being run out and the others bowled by Buck. Pearks, the crack man of the Club, then took the bat, but luck was still sadly against them, for he had hardly commenced to play when a ball, duly instructed by Calcutt, found the longitude of his wicket, and he had to retire with a single notch. Thomas Henderson came next, and at first gave promise of improving the appearance of things, making four runs from the first three balls, but, unfortunately, at the next attempt the ball was returned to the wicket a little too quickly for him, and he was proclaimed 'run out.' This closed the score of the bats; for the last three, Wallace, Garnet, and Metcalfe, had little chance presented them of increasing the number, the first being quickly disposed of by a well pitched ball from Buck, Metcalfe run out, and Garnet 'left alone in his glory.' Total score of the innings, including 5 Byes, 22.

"The Cobourg players were now to the fore; Buck and Hudspeth leading off the Ball, to Peaks' and Blythe's bowling. Taking the batting of these young gentlemen to be a fair sample of the rest, it was soon evident that the Port Hope Fieldsmen would have enough to do. Hudspeth, especially, an ex-student of King's College, gave them full opportunity of displaying to advantage their activity, knocking the ball about in all directions and seemingly just where he pleased. Buck likewise handled his bat most gracefully, though with less of fortune than his companion, being unluckily caught at his second hit to long field by Rowland—a splendid catch this, which justly elicited the applause of the bystanders. At a later period, Hudspeth was likewise compelled to yield his bat to the bowling of the same individual, Roland, who for an over or two had taken the place of Peaks. Broughall succeeded Blythe, and with Hudspeth well sustained the credit of his Club till a ball from Peaks claimed acquaintance with his stumps, and he was called upon to give way to Hyatt; Calcutt meantime having taken the place of Hudspeth. 3 wickets down for 21 runs. Symptoms of flagging were now exhibited in the batting, or rather, we should say, the field seemed more determined in their opposition, and the four next wickets fell for only as many notches; the two first, Calcutt and Hyatt, bowled by Peaks, Boulter bowled by Rolland, and Weller, another King's College man and excellent bat, caught cleverly by Blythe. Nourse, a regular smasher, now took his stand at the wicket, and went to work with right good will, seemingly bent on astonishing the natives: he ran off his seven notches in no time and exhibited some very pretty play, till a ball from Blythe politely intimated to him, through the medium of his wicket, that his presence was no longer required. Taking the hint with admirable grace, he thereupon made way for Bennet, whose fate was quickly decided without increasing the score, by another good catch of Rolland. Butler came next and did good service in the cause; as also we must report of Beamish—though last not least of the lot—who made two slashing hits, from which three runs each were obtained, before a ball from Rolland lowered the wicket of his companion and put an end to the first act of the game. The Cobourg score including Byes, &c., being proclaimed 52, and leaving a majority of 30, for their opponents to tie. The second innings of Port Hope showed a slight improvement on their first, but still was insufficient to retrieve the fortune of the day, being one still behind the score of their antagonists, who thus became winners of the match in a single innings."

Such is the graphic description furnished by our youthful correspondent, who further requests us to express, on behalf of himself and the Cobourg players generally, their best acknowledgments and thanks for the handsome and hospitable reception by their friendly competitors. The refreshments provided them were of the best order, and far exceeded their expectations, being alike creditable to the Club and the worthy host, Mr. Thompson, at whose establishment they were furnished. The return match is expected to come off early in the ensuing month.—The following is the score of the game:—

PORT HOPE.		FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Blythe, b. Buck	1	b. Calcutt	7		
Robertson, b. Calcutt	3	not out	0		
Rolland, b. Calcutt, c. Bolter	1	run out	2		
J. Henderson, run out	3	b. Buck, c. Calcutt	0		
Haynes, b. Buck, c. Beamish	3	b. Buck	0		
Green, b. Buck	1	b. Calcutt, c. Bennett	1		
Peaks, b. Calcutt, c. Buck	1	b. Buck	11		
T. Henderson, run out	4	leg before wicket	3		
Wallace, b. Buck	0	b. Buck	1		
Garnet, not out	0	b. Buck	0		
Metcalfe, run out	0	b. Calcutt, c. Beamish	3		
Byes	5	Byes	1		
Total	22	Total	29		

COBOURG JUNIOR CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.	
G. Buck, b. Blythe, c. Rolland	2
T. Hudspeth, b. Rolland	12
T. Broughall, b. Peaks	8
K. Calcutt, b. Peaks	2
R. Hyatt, b. Peaks	0
C. Weller, b. Peaks, c. Blythe	0
F. Bolter, b. Rolland	1
J. Nourse, b. Blythe	7
B. Bennett, b. Peaks, c. Rolland	0
F. Butler, b. Rolland	5
J. Beamish, not out	6
Byes	6
Wide	2
No Balls	1
Total	52

Cobourg Star.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

THE SEASONS.—The American Musical Institute gave us on Monday, this last, but not least of Haydn's grand Oratorios. There are but few we should imagine who have not experienced the delight of reading Thomson's Seasons, and this delight will be much enhanced by the graphic illustrations of the Bard of Nature from the pencil of the Raphael of Music.

In order to connect the various parts of the story, Thomson's descriptive Poem is here dramatised and certain imaginary characters are introduced who are made to *speak* as near as possible, what the author has *written*. The solos were awarded to Miss Northall, Mr. Comes, and Mr. Andrews. Miss Northall executed her portion very creditably. She is an improving singer and gives evidence of good tuition. The chorus of the Storm was very ably performed. The Orchestral parts full and precise. The Trombone deserves especial notice. In the 3rd part the pleasing duett between *Jane* and *Lucas* was very well executed. The "Hunting Chorus" was the most effective of the evening and deserved the encore it obtained. It is perfectly characteristic of the theme and graphic in all its details. The Anacreontic chorus at the end of the 3rd act and the song with chorus at the end of the 4th are both gems and were very well done. Mr. Loder displayed a good deal of ability in conducting—though he is Captain of

a pretty well disciplined 'Troop.' It is to be regretted, there is no better adapted room for these excellent and praiseworthy concerts. Those who have heard the fine effects of a full chorus in such a saloon as Exeter Hall, London, cannot but remark the disadvantages of such an ill-calculated place as the 'Taberacle'.

The Drama.

Park Theatre.—Mr. Forrest is going through his role of characters at this house, and, what the manager chiefly wants, fills the house very well. We have the very repugnant task of writing against the generally expressed opinion, but we cannot swim with the stream,—we do not actually like the intellectualities of Mr. Forrest's acting. He is, throughout, the man of muscle, the man of voice, the man of physical strength, nay, we grant that we think we can discover in his delivery and in nice parts of his intonation a fine discernment and a conception of the finer parts of the character, but his physique betrays him, and he submits to let it rule over him. The praise we hear of him is of his Lear and his Richelieu; we confess we like neither of them, as a whole, as represented by him, and yet we fancy we can perceive that he knows how each should be played, yet still the physical man triumphed over the intellectual, and oblige us to declare that his Spartacus, his Metamorphosis, his Damon, are his best characters, for there the person and the spirit are in harmony. But Mr. Forrest is not a common actor, and we feel assured, notwithstanding these objections, that he has studied *rightly* the characters he plays, but lets the animal bear down the spiritual of his performances.

Bowery Theatre.—Mr. A. A. Adams and Miss Julia Dean have closed their engagements at this house. Mr. Adams took his benefit on Monday evening, and Miss Dean on Wednesday. They both presented very good bills, and the house on both evenings was very well attended. Mr. Jackson has reaped a golden harvest by engaging these talented *artistes*, and we have no doubt that he intends to offer still greater attraction during this winter.

Olympic Theatre.—Our old friend, Mitchell, is again at his post, and re-opened his little "temple of Momus" on Monday evening last. A new piece was produced entitled "The Bee and the Orange Tree," but not being aware of the theatre being open we missed seeing it, and therefore are unable to speak of it this week. We perceive that he has mustered together nearly all our old favourites, and intends to do, as he always has done, a good business this coming winter.

Chatham Theatre.—This theatre is besieged night after night to see the attractive new drama of "The Seven Escapes of Adelaide of Dresden." During the past week, in addition to the above-named play, a variety of old dramas have been presented, with Messrs. Marshall, Fenno, Johnson, Winans, Mesdames Flynn, Cruise, and Greene enacting the principal parts. On Wednesday evening Mr. Marshall, a young and promising actor, took his benefit, and had for his bill the tragedy of "Brutus," and the "Seven Escapes." He played the part of Brutus in a very creditable manner, as did Mrs. Flynn that of Tarquina. This house, under the careful management of Messrs. De Bar and Deverna, cannot help but succeed.

Greenwich Theatre.—Mr. Freer has, we have every reason to believe, at length succeeded in establishing this beautiful little theatre on a sure and substantial footing, and it is now getting along very smoothly. On Monday evening "Macbeth" was performed at this house, and we understand it was well performed throughout. A piece called "The Fireman's Daughter," "Evadne," &c., have likewise been produced this week, in which Mr. Freer, Miss Mary Duff, and Miss Crauford sustained the principal characters.

Literary Notices.

Lectures to Women on Anatomy and Physiology.—By Mary S. Gove.—From a brief inspection, we judge this volume to be one of singular value and utility; it certainly contains much instruction, we believe, not to be found else where, and yet of a nature to be of great importance to those to whom it is addressed. We advise our fair friends to be on the *qui vive* for the work, it is issued in excellent style by the Harpers.

Leontine, or the Court of Louis XV.—By Mrs. Maberley.—Harpers.—A first rate historical romance, somewhat after the school of James: yet partaking more of the playful and fashionable novelist than his.

Harper's Illuminated Shakspeare.—Nos. 111 and 112 containing part of the historical play of Henry VI. admirably embellished, and *Forster's Lives of British Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, are also now published by the same firm.

Altoman, or Incidents of Life and Adventure in the Rocky Mountains.—Edited by James Watson Webb.—New York: Harpers.—Another work on Indian and Northwestern life, but,—start not, dear reader,—this is a book of truth and interest. The author styles himself an "Amateur Traveller," and the editor in an excellent introduction informs us that he was a British half-pay officer, and is now a British nobleman enjoying a princely fortune, but whose fondness of adventure induced him in 1832, and for some years afterwards, to visit the great West, Oregon, California, &c., to hunt and shoot with the red man, and partake of all the danger and excitement of an aboriginal life in our boundless western prairies and principal forests. The work bears the impress of truthfulness on every page, and as, notwithstanding the many books which have appeared on the same subject, but few have the merit of being pictures drawn from life, we are certain that the work before us will meet a favourable reception.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA, FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DIS- EASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ :

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blisters, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Ascites or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It is approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is highly concentrated for convenience and portability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the Sarsaparilla Root, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact of the crude substances; hence the superiority of these preparations—and no invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when a half pint contained the same medicinal value. The Sarsaparilla can be diluted when taken agreeable to the directions, and made to suit the taste of the patient.

The following certificate is only another link in the great chain of testimony to its merits:

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen: Exposed as we are to the attacks of disease, and so frequently disappointed in proposed remedies, we cannot but look upon the efforts of successful practitioners with interest and gratitude. This is true respecting your valuable preparation of Sarsaparilla. I have been severely afflicted for 33 years with a disease, about which "Doctors disagreed," and their prescriptions were still more diverse. I tried various remedies but found no relief until I commenced using your excellent medicine, at which time I was wholly confined to my bed. After using it a few months, I now am enabled to walk about, ride out, and enjoy a comfortable degree of health, which I attribute entirely to the use of Sands' Sarsaparilla. Please accept my assurance of gratitude and regard.

JOHN M. NORRIS.

Being personally acquainted with the above statements, I hereby certify that the same are true.

REV. T. M. MERRIMAN.

Further Testimony.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. Wm. Galusha:

Berkshire, Vt., Oct. 22, 1845.

Messrs. Sands: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,

WM. GALUSHA.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York.

Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston; S. F. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Bickie, Hamilton; and by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle. Six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands' Sarsaparilla that has been and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject; therefore ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

DR. SABINE will, in future, for the convenience of his friends residing in Brooklyn, have a box at Mr. R. J. Davies, Chemist and Apothecary, corner of Fulton and Clinton Streets, Brooklyn, from which place all letters or messages will be at all times immediately forwarded to him by special messenger.

Sept. 26-2p.

BEAR'S OIL.

HIGHLY SCENTED AND PURE FOR THE HAIR.



OF all the preparations for the HAIR, or WHISKERS, nothing equals the Oil prepared from BEAR'S GREASE. In most instances it restores the Hair to the Bald, and will effectually preserve it from falling off in any event. It was long noted by such eminent Physicians and Chemists as Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir Henry Hallford, that pure Bear's Grease, properly prepared, was the best thing ever discovered for the preservation of the Hair, or restoring it when Bald. The subscriber has saved no expense in getting the genuine Bear's Grease, from Canada and elsewhere, and prepared it in such a manner that the Oil, combined with its high perfume, renders it indispensable for the toilet and dressing-room of all.

Prepared and Sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist and Chemist, 273 Broadway corner Chamber Street,—Granite Buildings—(successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) In bottles, 50 cents for large, 25 cents for small.

Sept. 19-3m.

MR. GEORGE LODER begs to announce that, at the request of many friends, he has formed an Orchestra of the most talented professors upon the plan of the celebrated JULIEN, being ready upon the shortest notice to attend Fetes Champetres, Matinees, Musicales, Fetes Solemnels, Soirees Musicales, Concerts, and all Musical Performances. Mr. Loder flatters himself that the kind appreciation by the Public of his endeavours to promote the efficiency of Instrumental Performances will be a guarantee of the excellence of his Band.

TERMS.—For full Orchestra, or any number of Musicians, may be known upon application to Mr. LODER, No. 9 Varick Street, St. John's Park.

Sept. 5-4f.

THE duties of Miss KEOGH'S Boarding and Day School for young Ladies, will be resumed on Monday, Sept. 7, at 73 Third Avenue.

Aug. 29-4f.

SIGHT RESTORED, AND INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES CURED

BY THE ROMAN EYE BALSAM.

A SPECIFIC OINTMENT FOR DISEASES OF THE EYE.



THOUSANDS are suffering from weak eyes, or inflammation of the eye-lids, so severe as to deprive them of all the enjoyments of life, and render existence itself almost a burthen to them, when they might in a very short time be completely cured, and their eyes restored to their natural brightness, by using the celebrated ROMAN EYE BALSAM. There is no article prepared that is so immediately certain to remove the pain and inflammation from the eye-lids, and restore the sight. Any disease or weakness of the eye that can be cured without an operation, will yield quickly to the specific effect of this pleasant application. Many people have been restored to sight by a few applications of this valuable Balsam, after other means have failed to give them relief. In small jars, price 25 cents.

Prepared and sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist, 273 Broadway, corner of Chambers Street, New York, (Successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) Sold also by the most respectable Druggists in the United States.

Sept. 19-3m.

MANSION HOUSE, NATCHEZ.

JOHN McDONNELL, (Late of City Hotel), PROPRIETOR.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the travelling public, and the public generally, that he has removed from the City Hotel, which house he has conducted for the last five years, and continues his business at the well known MANSION HOUSE, which will be entirely refitted and put in the best possible order.

By close attention to the comfort of his guests, he hopes to ensure a continuation of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him.

JOHN McDONNELL.

Natchez, March 19, 1846.

Aug. 1-6mp.

THE PLUMBE

NATIONAL DAGUERRIAN GALLERY.

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Instituted in 1840.

TWO PATENTS GRANTED UNDER GREAT SEAL OF THE U. S. AWARDED THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS, AND TWO HIGHEST HONORS, at the NATIONAL, the MASSACHUSETTS, the NEW YORK, and the PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITIONS, respectively, for the MOST SPLENDID COLOURED DAGUERREOTYPES, AND BEST APPARATUS.

Portraits taken in any weather in exquisite style. Apparatus and Stock, wholesale and retail. Instruction given in the Art.

July 25-4f.

DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Security to the Patrons of Brandreth's Pills.

NEW LABELS.

THE New Labels on a Single Box of the Genuine Brandreth's Pills, contain 5063 LETTERS!!!

CONTAGIOUS AND EPIDEMIC DISEASES.—Water must be adapted to the nature of the fish, or there will be no propagation of the species. The soil must be adapted to the seed, or there will be no increase. The climate must have those matters in it which will unite and keep alive epidemical or contagious poisons, or they will become extinguished, as a lamp that is unsupplied with oil. So it is likewise with the human frame; it cannot be materially affected by epidemical or contagious maladies, unless there be those matters floating in the circulation which offer the appropriate soil. By purifying our bodies with the Brandreth Pills, which have affinity with those impurities upon which contagion feeds, we may always feel secure, whatever disease may rage around us. True, we may have it, but it will soon be over, our sickness will be the affair of a day or two, while those who have been too wise to use this simple and excellent remedy, either die, or have weeks, perhaps months, of sickness.

DYSPEPSIA.—To soothe the sufferings of humanity, to ameliorate the pangs of disease, is the grand object of medical science. This is efficiently demonstrated in the healing virtues of DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S PILLS. The cures effected by this medicine would fill volumes.

Views on Indigestion as a source of various Undefined and Irregular Nervous Sensations.

"Its, small at first, grow larger from delay,
And slowly eat their sad and cankering way;
Thus by successive throes, the frame is torn,
Till health and peace of mind alike are gone."

The nerves of the human body—those necessary and mysterious agents which immediately connect man with external nature—are singularly prone to have their functions disordered by an oppressed condition of the stomach; the minute termination of that portion of the nerves exposed upon the organs of digestion conveying the morbid impression to the Brain. And although the Head can, undoubtedly, like other organs, be the seat of primary disorder, yet, in the great majority of cases, the uneasy sensations there experienced are symptomatic of disordered Stomach; and, further, there is abundant evidence to prove that cruditates in the Stomach and Bowels can, in every grade of human existence, give rise to spasmodic action in every organ of the body; and whether we survey it in the agonising form of Tic Doleureux—the alarming convulsions of the Epileptic seizure—or in that irritable condition of the nerves of the heart occasioning nervous palpitation—they can all frequently be traced to the source above mentioned, and be cured by mild evacuant and tonic remedies. To relieve a state of so much suffering and distress, (in which body and mind also participate) BRANDRETH PILLS are confidently recommended; as, by combining aromatic tonic and cleansing properties, they remove all oppressive accumulations, strengthen the Stomach, induce a healthy appetite, and impart tranquillity to the nervous system; and, in fact, by their general purifying power upon the blood, exert a most beneficial influence in all cases of disease.

Remember, Druggists are NOT permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also, at 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson Street, New York; Mrs. Booth's, No. 6 Market Street, Brooklyn.

TOOTH-ACHE CURED IN ONE MINUTE

BY THE USE OF THE CLOVE ANODYNE.

THIS is an excellent article, and will cure the most violent tooth-ache, or pain in the gums in one minute.

The Clove Anodyne is not unpleasant to the taste or injurious to the teeth, and will permanently cure any tooth to which it may be applied.

Prepared and Sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist and Chemist, 273 Broadway, cor. of Chamber Street,—Granite Buildings—(successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) Sold also by all respectable Druggists in the United States. Price 25 cents.

Sept. 19-3m.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

No. 26 Cornhill, London.

CAPITAL £500,000, OR, \$2,500,000.

Empowered by Act of Parliament.

THIS Institution embraces important and substantial advantages with respect to Life Assurance and deferred annuities. The assured has, on all occasions, the power to borrow, without expense or forfeiture of the policy, two-thirds of the premiums paid (see table); also the option of selecting benefits, and the conversion of his interests to meet other conveniences or necessity.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The remarkable success and increasing prosperity of the Society has enabled the Directors, at the last annual investigation, to declare a fourth bonus, varying from 35 to 85 per cent on the premiums paid on each policy effected on the profit scale.

EXAMPLES.

Age.	Sum.	Premium.	Year.	Bonus added.	Bonus in cash.	Permanent reduction of premium.	Sum ass'd may borrow on the policy.
	\$	\$		\$	\$	\$	\$
			1837	1088 75	500 24	80 08	2225
			1838	960 76	435 53	67 53	1987
60	5000	370 80	1839	828 00	370 45	55 76	1780
			1840	681 85	270 20	39 70	1483
			1841	555 56	347 60	37 54	1336

The division of profits is annual, and the next will be made in December of the present year.

UNITED STATES AGENCY.

For list of local directors, medical officers, tables of rates, and report of last annual meeting, (15th of May, 1846,) see the Society's pamphlet, to be obtained at their office, 74 Wall Street, New York.

JACOB HARVEY, Chairman of Local Board.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent, June 22d, 1846.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

ALBANY, July 24, 1845.

TO THE SHERIFF of the city and county of New York: Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit, A Governor and Lieut. Governor of this State. Two Canal Commissioners to supply the places of Jonas Earle, Jr., and Stephen Clark, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. A Senator, for the First Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of John A. Lott, on the last day of December next. A Representative in the 30th Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District consisting of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th wards of the city of New York. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth Congressional District, consisting of the 6th, 7th, 16th and 13th wards of said city. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional District, consisting of the 8th, 9th and 14th wards of said city. And also a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional District, consisting of the 11th, 12th, 16th, 16th, 17th and 18th wards of said city.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit: 16 Members of Assembly, a Sheriff in the place of William Jones, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. A County Clerk in the place of James Conner, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next, and a Coroner in the place of Edmund G. Rawson, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours, respectfully,

N. S. BENFON, Secretary of State.

Sheriff's Office, New York, August 3, 1846.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided for.

WM. JONES,

Sheriff of the City and county of New York.

All the public newspapers in the County will publish the above once in a week until election, and then hand in their bill for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. vi, title 3d, article 3d, part 1st., page 146.

Aug. 8.—3m.

STEAM BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

The Great Western Steam Ship Co.'s steam ship the GREAT WESTERN, 1,700 tons, 450 horse power, B. R. Matthews, Esq., Commander; the GREAT BRITAIN, 3,000 tons, 1000 horse power, Lieut. James Hosken, R. N. Commander, are intended to sail as follows:

GREAT WESTERN.			
From Liverpool.		From New York.	
Saturday	11th April.	Thursday	7th May.
Saturday	30th May.	Thursday	25th June.
Saturday	25th July.	Thursday	20th Aug.
Saturday	12th Sept.	Thursday	8th Oct.
Saturday	31st Oct.	Thursday	26th Nov.

GREAT BRITAIN.			
From Liverpool.		From New York.	
Saturday	9th May.	Saturday	6th June.
Tuesday	7th July.	Saturday	1st Aug.
Wednesday	26th Aug.	Tuesday	22d Sept.
Tuesday	30th Oct.	Tuesday	17th Nov.

Fare to Liverpool per Great Western, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee.
 Fare per Great Britain, according to the size and position of the state-rooms, plans of which may be seen at any of the Agencies.
 For freight or passage or any other information, apply in New York to
 New York, 27th February, 1846. RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front st.

TO BOSTON, via NEWPORT & PROVIDENCE DIRECT.

The well-known and popular steamers MASSACHUSETTS and RHODE ISLAND, of 1000 tons each, built expressly for Long Island Sound, and by their construction, great strength, and powerful engines, are especially adapted to its navigation, now leave each place regularly every afternoon except Sunday.

Passengers from Boston in the Mail Train take the steamer at Providence about 6 o'clock, P. M., and arrive in New York early the following morning. Those from New York leave Pier No. 1, Battery Place, at 5 P.M., reach Providence also early the next morning, and proceed in the Morning Train for Boston, after a comfortable night's rest on board the Steamer, (in private state rooms if desired), without either of Ferry or of being disturbed at Midnight to change from Boats to Cars, an annoyance so much complained of, especially by Ladies and Families travelling in other lines between New York and Boston.

The RHODE ISLAND, Capt. Winchester, leaves New York on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.
 The MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Potter, leaves New York on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

The Boats, going and returning, will land at Newport, and this is now found to be the cheapest, most convenient, and expeditious route for Fall River, Taunton, and New Bedford passengers.
 For Passage, Berths, State Rooms, or Freight, application may be made in Boston, at Redding & Co., No. 8 State Street, and at the Depot of the Boston and Providence Railroad. In Providence, to the Agent at the Depot at India Point, and in New York of the Agents on the Wharf, and at the Office of the Company, No. 10 Battery Place.

J. T. WILLISTON,

DEALER IN WATCHES, (wholesale and retail),

No. 1 Cortlandt-st., (UP STAIRS), Cor. Broadway, New York.

ALL Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded.
 Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices.
 Trade work promptly done on reasonable terms.
 Nov. 8-ly. J. T. WILLISTON, No. 1 Cortlandt-st., Up Stairs.

LAP-WELDED
BOILER FLUES.

16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1 1/2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER,
 Can be obtained only of the Patentee, THOS. PROSSER,
 28 Platt Street, N.Y.

DR. POWELL, M.D.

OCULIST AND OPERATIVE SURGEON, 261 BROADWAY, cor. Warren-Street.

ATTENDS TO DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 to 4 P.M. His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more prominent symptoms are gradual obscurity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible, dark moving spots or motes seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and OPACITIES or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most inveterate cases of STRABISMUS or SQUINTING cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. Residence and Offices 261 Broadway, cor. Warren-st. Spt. 13-ly.

JOHNSON'S DRUG AND PERFUMERY STORE.

THIS place now belongs to Mr. HENRY JOHNSON, a partner in the late firm of A. B. Sands & Co. No establishment of the kind was ever more satisfactorily known,—situated in Broadway, cor. Chamber Street, (Granite Buildings),—and always copiously supplied with delicate Perfumery of the choicest importation, toilet articles in large variety, pure Drugs and Medicines, &c. The fashionable resident and traveller will find at Johnson's a magnificent assortment, at a low cost. Jly 11-ly.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN.—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than any other fine pointed pen, thus making it of a more durable character. The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
 " Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
 " " Harlem River.
 View of the Jet at
 Fountain in the Park, New York.
 " in Union Park, "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style, must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN.—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by
 June 8. HENRY JESSOP, 91 John Street.

THE LONDON PENNY MAGAZINE, PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, &c.,
Imported and For Sale, (Wholesale and Retail),

BY EDMUND BALDWIN, 155 BROADWAY.

1. THE PENNY MAGAZINE of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."—Volume for 1845 is now complete. All the back volumes constantly on hand.
 2. THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.—It is unnecessary, in any announcement, to point out the value of this "Supplement to the Cyclopaedia." To the purchasers of the original work it will be almost indispensable; for, ranging over the whole field of knowledge, it was impossible, with every care, to avoid some material omissions of matters which ought to have found a place. But to these, and even to readers who may not desire to possess the complete Work, the Supplement has the incalculable advantage of exhibiting the march of Progressive Knowledge.—Volume ONE is now complete, and may be had bound in sheep, or in parts.
 3. Also, THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."—The name of the Penny Cyclopaedia was derived from its original issue in a weekly sheet, when a work of much less magnitude was contemplated. From its commencement it has been supported by a great body of Contributors, eminent in their respective departments; and its articles, in many of the great branches of knowledge, are regarded as authorities, and have acquired celebrity, wherever the English language is read.—Complete and bound in 27 volumes sheep, or in 14 vols. 1-2 Russia. Feb. 21-ly.

PIANO FORTES.

PURCHASERS are invited to call at CHAMBER'S Ware-Rooms, No. 385 BROADWAY, for a superior and warranted article. Apl 18-ly.

FLOWERS, BOQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. BOQUETS of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order Gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places, by applying to Wm. Laird. Ap. 20-ly.

LEFT-OFF WARDROBE AND FURNITURE WANTED.

The highest price can be obtained by Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to dispose of their left-off wardrobe and furniture. By sending a line to the subscriber's residence, through the Post Office, it will be promptly attended to.

J. LEVENSTYN, 466 Broadway, up-stairs

Ladies can be attended to by Mrs. J. Levenstyn. Jly 4-ly.

M. AXIMILIAN RADER, 46 Chatham Street, N.Y., Dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. (G) LEAF TOBACCO for SEGAR Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand. July 7-ly.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO SAIL from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
SHERIDAN,	F. A. Depyster,	Sept. 26.	Nov. 11.
GARRICK,	B. I. H. Trask,	Oct. 26.	Dec. 11.
ROSCUS,	Ass Eldridge,	Nov. 26.	Jan. 11.
SIDDONS,	E. B. Cobb,	Dec. 26.	Feb. 11.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
 E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South Street, N.Y., or to
 BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 1/2 cents per single sheet, 60 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of the Liverpool Packets, viz.:—the ROSCUS, SIDDONS, SHERIDAN and GARRICK. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My 34-ly.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
WATERLOO,	W. H. Allen,	July 11.	Aug. 26.
JOHN R. SKIDDY,	James C. Luce,	Aug. 11.	Sept. 26.
STEPHEN WHITNEY,	C. W. Popham,	Sept. 11.	Oct. 26.
VIRGINIAN,	W. H. Parson,	Oct. 11.	July 26.

These ships are of the first class, and their accommodations are unsurpassed for elegance and convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of Passengers and interests of Importers. For freight or passage, apply to
 My 24-ly. ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South Street.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Huttleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
 My 31-ly. GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to
 CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of every Month.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from NEW YORK and PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 10th, and 20th, and from LONDON on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz.:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James,	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1.	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10.	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	10, 10, 10.	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10.	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1.
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sebor,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.
Westminster,	Hovey,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains or Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to
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 JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:—

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	16, 16, 16.	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1.	16, 16, 16.
Fidela, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16.	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.	16, 16, 16.
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16.	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1.
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.	16, 16, 16.
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16.	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1.

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
 GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-st., or
 C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y., or
 BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.